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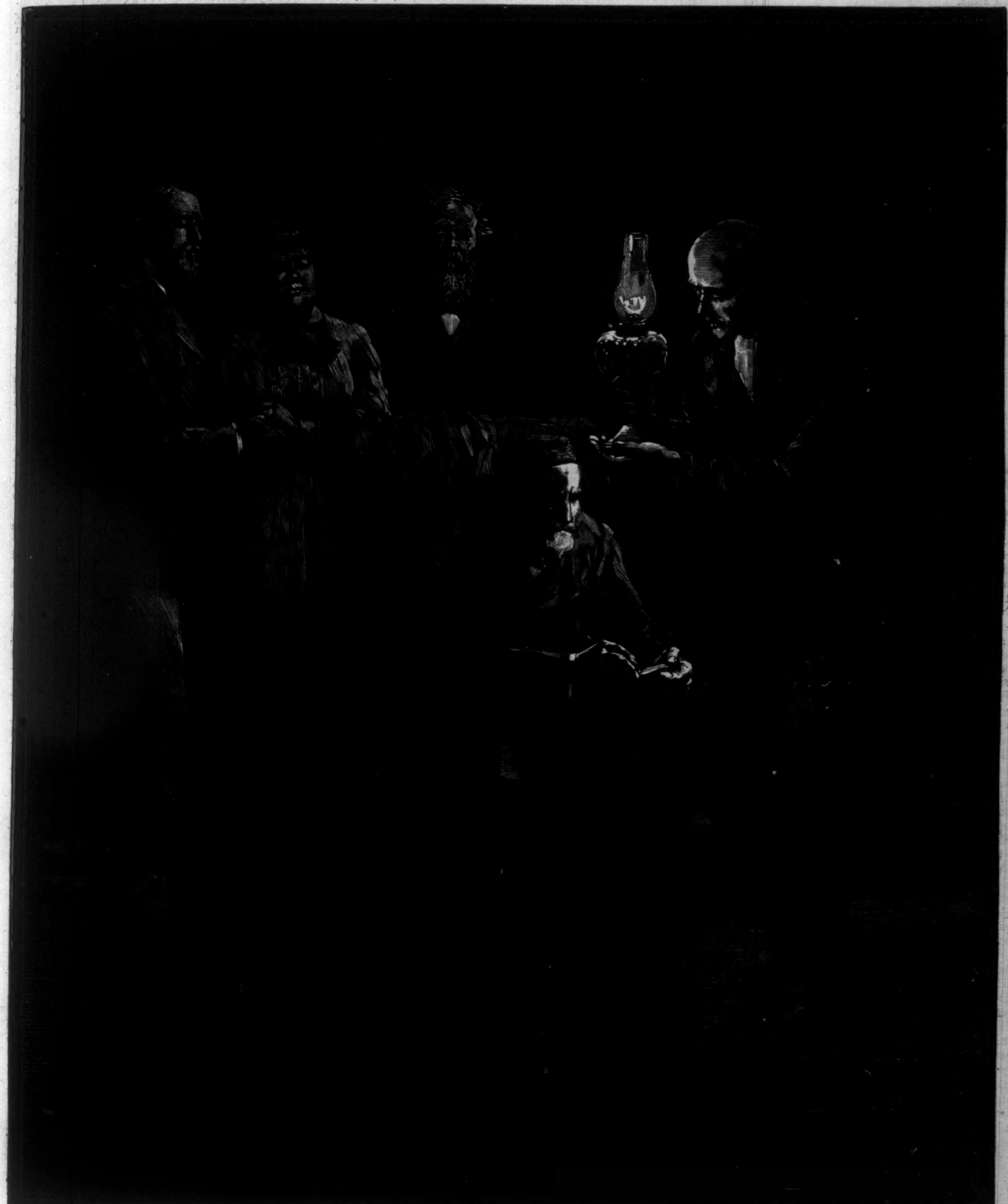

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST MESSAGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 492.]

FRAUD.

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The number for July 28 opens with a short story by BARNET PHILLIPS, *entitled "Paul Sergovitz's Long Journey." The scene is laid in Russia, and the story has a strong pathetic interest.*

The other short story, "What next?" by ANNIE A. PRESTON, *is of a humorous character.*

The short serial "Little Bamboo" ends happily. "Into Unknown Seas" becomes intensely interesting.

The principal illustration shows

"THE 'YOUNG PEOPLE' GRENADIER GUARDS,"

drawn by GRAY-PARKER. *A full-page illustration by* DAN BEARD *shows some curious birds' nests, which are described by* JOHN R. CORYELL *in an article entitled "Sociable Birds."*

MR. G. T. LANIGAN'S *poem, "Fairy-Land Deserted" is a novel and pretty conceit, and is charmingly illustrated by* MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

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GRANT.

AFTER a long and painful illness, borne with characteristic patience and gentleness, General **GRANT** is dead. It is an event to be associated in our history with the death of **WASHINGTON**, of **ADAMS** and **JEFFERSON**, and of **LINCOLN**; for **GRANT**, like them, was one of the greatest of Americans at a great epoch. In the same sense that the sword of **WASHINGTON** secured our independence did the sword of **GRANT** maintain the Union, and of the war for the Union **LINCOLN** and **GRANT** will be always the two conspicuous and representative figures. **GRANT'S** distinction, also, is of that unalloyed quality which is characteristic both of **WASHINGTON** and **LINCOLN**. It is a greatness unmixed with personal ambition, the greatness of an honest patriot, not of a selfish soldier like **MARLBOROUGH**, nor of an unprincipled conqueror like **NAPOLEON**. No great national cause in which not only the welfare of a country but the fate of human liberty was involved was ever more fortunate in its civic and its military chiefs than the cause of American union in **LINCOLN** and **GRANT**.

In the fierce height and frenzy of the war the same equable temperament, the unshaken judgment, the cool comprehension, which have led to the denial of military genius to **WASHINGTON**, withheld it also from **GRANT**. But no view of the military situation was larger or juster than **GRANT'S**, and no famous career was more signally successful. He apprehended clearly the nature of the armed contest, and knew when the Confederacy had become, in a military sense, "a shell," as he described it. Always calm and self-possessed, of an alert and decisive mind, upon the field he was firm without fury, swift without eagerness, and confident without folly. Like **WASHINGTON** he was prudent, and like **LINCOLN**, magnanimous. Had **LINCOLN** died before the war ended, the heart of the people would have sunk. Had **GRANT** fallen upon the field, the event of the war would have seemed doubtful. He was an unconditional victor, yet so manly, so simple, so single-hearted, that his adversaries in battle cherished no ill-will, and no words of sympathy, respect, and admiration are sincerer than those which they have spoken since his illness and anticipated death. Between **GRANT** and the chief soldiers to whom he was opposed there was the mutual respect of men who recognize an honest conviction and delight in heroic constancy, and nothing in history is finer than the generous feeling between them of these later days.

The death of Mr. **LINCOLN** and the end of the war left **GRANT** by far the most eminent American and the inevitable President. He had little knowledge of politics or politicians, and he had cast but one vote before he was elected to the Chief Magistracy. The argument that it is a trust requiring a certain civic training and political knowledge was overruled by the fact of his universal popularity as the hero of the war, by his strong and incorruptible character, and by the purity of his patriotism. It was, moreover, most fortunate, after the chaos of **ANDREW JOHNSON'S** administration, which had inflamed feeling and arrested the normal process of settlement, that the man who especially represented the cause of the Union, not as a political partisan, but solely as a magnanimous patriot, should be called to the highest office. His election showed the practical unity of the Union sentiment, and its significance was fully apprehended. His presence in the White House itself kept the peace, and undoubtedly saved the country serious trouble. General **GRANT'S** want of political training and unfamiliarity with public affairs, and his necessary dependence upon those whom he supposed to be political experts, prevented his dealing vigorously with the mischievous tendencies which are always developed in the successful party after a civil convulsion. But panoplied in the same honest and simple patriotism which had made his military career illustrious, he was personally untouched by suspicion, and after a tour of the world in which every country paid him homage, and an unwise effort of some political friends to call him again into public life, he withdrew to an honered retirement. But by the greatness of his services he was necessarily the most eminent American citizen, and in his private as in his public life he was still the centre of constant interest and observation. And in these last days of suffering, gradually declining to the inevitable end, the spectacle of his tranquil and manly fortitude was one that will be long cherished, while the last great service of the true patriot will never be forgotten. That service lay in the hearty and unreserved friendliness of his tone of speech and feeling toward those who had fought against the Union. His last magnanimous words breathe the spirit which can alone compose lingering differences and complete a moral reunion. This highest of patriotic ends also he has served with his latest strength. The country which truly mourns him may well receive the spirit of those words as a benediction and an exhortation. In the best and truest sense the victorious General in a civil war, the official leader and pride of a historic political party, he died at peace with all men, and universally honored as a manly, simple, true-hearted patriot. Twice he filled the highest office in the country, but it is by the inestimable service which brought him into the Presidency, rather than by his Presidency itself, that he will be remembered. He was silent, tenacious, enduring, and as with every man to whom it is given to render the highest service to his country, the clouds of differing judgment of incidents and details will gradually yield to the pure and steady sunlight of permanent fame and national gratitude.

A CONTRAST.

TWENTY-FOUR years ago the situation of this country, as the *Tribune* has recently pointed out, offered a singular contrast to that of to-day, which is very discouraging to the *Tribune*. But the situation today is one of which every patriotic American may be truly proud. At the earlier date the antislavery contest had passed beyond the period of discussion, and was just entering upon that of war. It had thoroughly alienated the two great sections of the Union. Even the lives of conspicuous antislavery men were not secure in the Slave States, and the Union was morally dissolved. The antislavery question had destroyed the Whig party. It had united the Democratic party, and from Free-soil Democrats and Conscience Whigs it had created the Republican party. Of more than four million votes for President in 1856, the Republican party had cast more than thirteen hundred thousand. In 1860 it was successful at the polls, and, as **WENDELL PHILLIPS** said, the slave elected a President of the United States. The plea of the Slave States for resistance to the result of the election was the doctrine of the **JEFFERSON** and **MADISON** Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, as expounded by **CALHOUN**, and accepted by the Slave States as a sound theory of the Constitution. It was a theory which, as applied to the Union and government, was absolutely destructive, and for four years the mighty civil war continued—an instinctive and tremendous struggle for national existence, whose lessons are never to be forgotten. In the Southern States the great body of the actual leaders of the community, the most intelligent and able men, were leaders of the movement for secession. They were Democrats, or old Whigs who, upon the slavery and secession issues, had joined the Democrats. Union and slavery were both involved in the result of the conflict, which ended in the unconditional maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery under the leadership of the Republican party.

This mighty armed contest, after long years of political and moral preparation, was just beginning twenty-four years ago this summer. It is not yet a quarter of a century, but this summer finds the country in perfect peace. The old Slave States would not restore slavery if they could. There is a better and friendlier understanding between them and the old Free States than has ever been known. A Democratic President, whose fidelity to the Union was never questioned, is surrounded by a Cabinet in which sit soldiers of both sides in the contest. By the Republican party, which represented the Union side, no vengeance was ever inflicted, and all disabilities have been wisely removed. There is no apprehension of a renewal of the war upon any pretense whatever, and the integrity of the Union and the freedom of all citizens are absolutely assured. The questions that have grown out of the complete change wrought by the war in the condition of the Southern States are questions which national action has not been able to settle, and which must be largely settled, under the Constitution, in the States themselves. In no other country have the hostile feelings and civil results produced by so vast and radical a controversy so swiftly disappeared. The contrast between the summer of 1861 and the summer of 1885 may well move the gratitude of every American and the wonder of the world.

In Great Britain, more than half a century after the settlement of 1688, the Jacobites tried again. In France, during the century since the Revolution, stable government is not yet secured. But in the United States, twenty years after the end of the civil war, the Democratic Convention of Warren County, in Mississippi, resolves:

> "that all join in the nation's grief for the sad affliction which has befallen General U. S. **GRANT**, America's most illustrious citizen, who was as magnanimous in peace as he was great in war."

The Memphis *Avalanche*, a stout advocate of the secession movement, says of him:

> "He has been accorded the rare privilege of being able to afford to die. Time has exhibited him, not without faults, but as a man, a true man and a good man—simple-minded as greatness is, liable to such errors as greatness may commit. The longer time has spared, the more it has burnished him of false glitter and apparent stain, until he stands forth a man in the front rank among men. Thus he may commit himself to history, not as a demigod, but as a man. If history and the poesy of time will idealize him, that is time's business, which no man can predict."

And General **GRANT** says to his old friend and his brave adversary in the field, General **BUCKNER**:

> "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers, we should have had peace in a year. —— and —— are the only two that I know of who do not seem to be satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority, too, of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our institutions."

In Mississippi, also, the Democratic President revokes the appointment of a postmaster who has publicly approved political violence against Republicans, and a Mississippi Democratic paper approves; and in Kentucky the President revokes the commission of a former rebel who longed "to begin the work of murder in earnest." In Virginia the chief Republican leader is a "Confederate Brigadier," whose pride it is to have been "the right hand of **LEE**," and while the band plays "Dixie," and amid the piercing "rebel yell," the Republican Convention nominates for Governor another Confederate Brigadier, and the son of the Governor who signed the death-warrant of **JOHN BROWN**.

These are all signs of a marvellous change, and of the character and quality of the American people. The enemies of the Union twenty-four years ago are now its earnest friends and supporters, and a Democratic President is thanked by colored Republicans for revoking the appointment of a Democratic enemy of colored citizens. The contrast of twenty-four years is indeed prodigious. No patriotic American but sees it and rejoices in it. Had the election of a Democratic President meant the restoration of the Democratic ascendency of the slave-holding epoch or of the still doubtful war for the Union, had it meant sectional hatred and the renewal of the contest for secession to save slavery, it would have made this summer gloomy even in contrast with that dark and doubtful summer of 1861. Happily this summer shows that the old things are passed and passing away, and should any party hope to thrive upon the endeavor to revive in 1885 the passions of 1861, and to carry an election campaign with the cries of a war whose chief soldiers are reunited and friendly, and mutually acknowledge each other's sincerity and bravery, and rejoice in the common blessing of the result, that party would have to deal with the same patriotism which made that result possible, and which has furnished the inspiring contrast of 1861 and 1885.

PROHIBITION AND PARTIES.

AMONG the remarkable political events of last year was the general enforcement of the prohibitory law in Iowa. The popular demand for it was so general and decided that leading politicians were obliged to take it into account, and Senator **ALLISON**, if we remember correctly, supported it in deference to public sentiment, and what he believed to be the interests of the Republican party. There is a much stronger "temperance element" in that party than in the Democratic, as there was a much stronger antislavery feeling among Whigs than among Democrats. But a "pretty good" egg did not satisfy the resolute antislavery men, and they left the Whigs. Mr. Neal Dow, the temperance leader, who has clung steadily to the Republican party, abandoned it last spring, being, as he announced, convinced that it had made "an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the beer and whiskey interests of the country." The temperance question is one of importance in Ohio, but the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, the *Commercial* part of which was a Mugwump of 1872, and which is amusingly furious against the Mugwumps of 1885, says in a conciliatory strain, to win the support of Republican temperance voters in Ohio:

> "The fraud St. John is one of the half-dozen cranks and hoodlums, fools and spite-workers and blatherous lunkheads, who feel that they are of importance because their unscrupulous and unseemly combination defeated Blaine. St. John is guided by an instinct that is proper in defending the Copiah murderers. Blood is thicker than water."

This tone will perhaps persuade ardent temperance men in Ohio that the Republican party is their best dependence for the reform which they seek. But, however that may be, it is undoubtedly true that the larger number of strong temperance voters is attached to that party, and they will vote with it until prohibition seems to them the chief issue, and then they will leave it for the prohibition ranks, because the Republican party will never become a prohibition party. It may be trusted to support a more stringent regulation of the traffic than the Democratic party, but nothing more. Its general policy upon the subject seems to be justified by the results of a careful inquiry into the working of the prohibitory law in Iowa. In the cities and larger towns it appears that the liquor traffic is openly or secretly carried on. The whole number of saloons in twenty-eight such cities and towns is reported to be 916, as against 770 before the law was in operation; and the increase is most decided in the larger cities. The old revenue from the sale in such cities is not now received, of course, although the number of selling places is greatly increased. But it is stated that some local authorities sell licenses for "legal drinks" with an understanding that illegal drinks may be sold. Naturally the authorities of the chief cities in the State think that a license law is preferable in every way to the prohibition law.

The trouble with a prohibitory law is that it is of a kind which can never be enforced against public sentiment, and the sentiment of towns and cities is against prohibition. Until, therefore, the moral appeal of the temperance movement has matured a sentiment in such communities which will enforce prohibition, the actual evils of intemperance will be more effectually diminished by stringent regulation which the public sentiment will enforce. That we understand to be the view of Dr. Crosby and his friends. Meanwhile the moral agitation should be pushed by those who would secure absolute prohibition. But the intelligent among them know, of course, that laws which outrun or defy public opinion may be passed, but that they can not be made effective. The Fugitive Slave law was an act of Congress, approved by the President. It was declared to be a mere enforcement of a provision of the Constitution. But it was repugnant to the general sentiment of certain parts of the country, and there it was a dead letter. Again, if anything was sacred under the Constitution, it was the right of the citizen of one State to have all his rights respected in the other States. But that did not save colored citizens of Massachusetts from imprisonment and sale as slaves in South Carolina, nor would it have saved the life of the venerable and honored father of Senator Hoar, who went to protest against the wrong, if he had not left the State. Of course we are not justifying such crimes and outrages, nor regretting the legal guarantee of such rights, nor deprecating the temperance agitation. We are simply noting a fact, of which wise men and legislators will take heed.

AT NIAGARA.

The recent ceremony of taking possession of the Niagara reservation for the State was in every respect becoming and successful. The oration by Mr. James C. Carter was singularly appropriate, glowing, and eloquent. It was an admirable performance of a very difficult duty, and a striking presentation of the value to a community of influences that can not be measured by money. The speeches of the Governor and of Mr. Dorsheimer were also pointed and excellent, and the exercises were all in keeping with the importance and significance of the occasion.

It will be a year, however, before the buildings can be removed and the grounds duly prepared. This preparation is intended to be of the simplest character, and designed to restore the natural aspect of the shore. Certain precautions against accidents upon the cliffs must be taken, and bridges must be repaired. Arrangements must be made for the accommodation of picnic parties, for carriages, and also for proper seclusion.

Indeed, a very difficult part of the duty now begins, and the Commission will undoubtedly consult Mr. Olmsted, who was the first person, we believe, to propose the reservation, and who prepared the circulars in favor of the project which were so largely and influentially signed. His taste and his judgment would be most useful in completing the work. The Commission, however, have very little money at their disposal, and they are gentlemen who will proceed with the utmost circumspection and intelligence.

WISE WORDS.

Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, as we stated last week, declines to be considered a candidate, as many Republicans desired, for the Republican nomination as Governor. He is, however, a type of the candidate who should be selected by both parties, a man of the present political epoch, of the purest character, not unmindful of the past, and fully conscious of the continuity of political progress, but not a Bourbon nor a servile partisan, and wholly alive to the movement of the time and to the real issues. It is a loss to the State when such men are unable to enter its service.

Mayor Low's public career illustrates the kind of political independence which is essential to the prosperous working of popular institutions, and which is able properly to subordinate partisanship to public spirit. One of the most menacing effects of machine politics, which are based upon spoils, is the exclusion of capable and self-respecting young men from politics. Under the machine, implicit subservience to its will is the price of entrance into public life, as many a young Republican has discovered to his cost; and one of the most promising aspects of the Republican revolt of last year is that it was a movement of the young men who are attracted by noble aims in parties and by stainless rectitude in public life.

Upon this point Mayor Low says most truly what should be carefully pondered:

> "From my stand-point the most serious aspect of the Republican defeat of last fall is in this, that it was a defeat received at the hands of its young men. In Massachusetts there were several conspicuous instances where the fathers supported cordially the Republican ticket and the sons declined to do so. Illustrations could be multiplied in my own personal experience, and I doubt not in the experience of every other Republican. It needs no argument to prove that the party of the future is to be the party which attracts and holds the young men. I think the Republican party, if it wishes to retrieve the disaster of last year, must in its platform stand for definite and high principles in line with the best hopes for the future. It will not succeed, I am confident, in wresting victory for the future while facing squarely toward the past, either as to its platform or its candidates. It must be clear that the divisions of last year, which was a year of defeat, should be healed and not widened if this year the party is to be once more the party of victory."

MRS. MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

The death of Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman removes one of the most familiar figures of the earlier antislavery contest. Her name is probably little known except among those who knew the women who in that time were among the most courageous and unshrinking assertors of the fundamental American principle, and to whom a late number of the Philadelphia *Ledger* pays a most truthful and eloquent tribute.

An excellent story is told of one of these women, Mrs. Lucretia Mott. During one of the Rynders riots in New York, when he and his gang were engaged in breaking up one of the antislavery meetings, Mrs. Mott was asked, in the height of the tumult, how she expected to escape. "Oh," she replied, quietly, laying her hand upon the shoulder of one of the most active rioters, "this gentleman will see me to the door." And "this gentleman" was so overwhelmed with amazement at her serene self-possession that he escorted her safely through the mob to the street.

Mrs. Chapman was a woman of similar mould, of the most resolute character, high accomplishment, and intellectual ability. She was not a speaker, except on occasion of the attack upon Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia. But she was an influential member of the circle about Mr. Garrison which really directed the movement of the Antislavery Society. Mrs. Chapman was the friend and biographer of Miss Martineau. She saw much of society both in this country and in Europe, in which she was distinguished by her refined and dignified manners, her bright intelligence, and her charming urbanity. In all the memoirs of the great antislavery movement Mrs. Chapman will always appear as one of the striking heroines of our heroic period.

HUXLEY ON DARWIN.

Three years ago Darwin died, and was buried with the sincerest reverence in Westminster Abbey. It was resolved by his friends and pupils that a statue of him should be raised by subscription, and contributions were received from all countries. Sweden sent two thousand subscriptions, from the seamstress to the bishop, and of amounts from twenty-five dollars to four cents. The commission was given to Mr. Boehm, the sculptor, and the trustees of the British Museum accepted the offer to place the statue in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

A few weeks since the statue was unveiled in the presence of the most distinguished company in England. The most significant guest perhaps was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the fitting orator was Professor Huxley. His speech was brief and most admirable. As Mr. Smalley truly says, in his letter describing the ceremony, "He has summed up the case for Darwin in a sentence:

> "'Whatever be the ultimate verdict of posterity upon this or that opinion which Darwin has propounded, whatever adumbrations or anticipations of his doctrines may be found in the writings of his predecessors, the broad fact remains that since the publication and by reason of the publication of the *Origin of Species*, the fundamental conceptions and the aims of the students of living nature have been completely changed.'"

In delivering the statue to the Prince of Wales, the chairman of the trustees of the Museum, Professor Huxley said, with singular felicity and dignity:

> "We do not make this request for the mere sake of perpetuating a memory; for so long as men occupy themselves with the pursuit of truth the name of Darwin runs no more risk of oblivion than does that of Copernicus or that of Harvey. Nor, most assuredly, do we ask you to preserve the statue in its cynosural position in this entrance hall of our National Museum of Natural History as evidence that Mr. Darwin's views have received your official sanction, for science does not recognize such sanctions, and commits suicide when it adopts a creed. No; we beg you to cherish this memorial as a symbol by which, as generation after generation of students of nature enter yonder door, they shall be reminded of the ideal according to which they must shape their lives tf they would turn to the best account the opportunities offered by the great institution under your charge."

PERSONAL.

A Hindoo woman writes to one of the newspapers of India: "Without the least fault of mine, I am doomed to seclusion. Every aspiration to rise above my ignorant sisters is looked upon with suspicion, and interpreted in the most uncharitable manner. Our lawgivers, being men, have painted themselves pure and noble, and laid every conceivable sin and impurity at our door. By right divine they can maltreat us at will. The treatment which servants receive from European masters is far better than that which falls to the share of us Hindoo women. We are treated worse than beasts. We are regarded as playthings."

—The new English Premier, Lord Salisbury, has been making an address, in which he speaks sneeringly of "the grand old man and the grand old cause," which has "not the same spell and the same value," as an electioneering cry, that "it had five years ago. The wand is broken; the spell is defaced." Mr. Gladstone's friends expect to do gloriously next autumn with the same old cry.

—After the election of her husband to Parliament for Woodstock, in which she herself did so much public electioneering, Lady Randolph Churchill was serenaded by an enthusiastic crowd. From a window of a hotel she made the following response: "I can not make you a speech, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for having returned Lord Randolph Churchill for the third time." Great cheering greeted her words, and the multitude sang "Rule Britannia" and "For he's a jolly good fellow."

—Lord Houghton was a student at Cambridge during the period of Wordsworth's greatest popularity in England, about the year 1835, and is now proud of having contributed to the enthusiasm for the poet which prevailed at that time among the youth of the university. But he does not think that they were especially virtuous in any way, and therefore, he believes, it was not the height of the morality of Wordsworth that attracted them. It was then not only fashionable but almost indispensable for every youth to be Byronic, but they did see that there was something in the poems of Wordsworth and of Shelley that satisfied what they knew to be their better and higher aspirations. He has not the slightest hesitation in saying that Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is the greatest poem in the English language.

—The firm of "F. Smith & Co.," money-lenders, in London, consists of Miss Lotinga and her mother. Their capital is the cash won by Miss Lotinga in a bet on a horse-race. Mrs. Lotinga has just been victorious in a suit against a life-insurance company for $10,000, the amount of the policy on the life of her late husband. She employed no lawyers, but conducted her case herself.

—Colonel Tcheng-Ki-Tong is the military attaché of China at Paris. He says that among Europeans he likes the society of artists best, and he sees no use for the legal profession.

—Mr. Cyrus W. Field's banquet in London on the Fourth of July, at which the Duke of Argyll and Mr. John Bright were guests, showed "pleasant signs," according to the *Daily News* of that city, "of a spontaneous movement of the two peoples toward each other."

—Mr. G. F. Watts, the distinguished painter, whose works are on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city, explains his reason for declining the unusual honor of a baronetcy. "The simple truth is," he says, "that I could not help feeling the incongruity between it and my very restricted means. I have a strong sense of the dignity of proportion."

—The *Spectator*: "By a curious and honorable inconsistency, Shelley married his first wife both in Scotland and according to the rites of the English Church, and when Harriet committed suicide, he married Mary Godwin; but he believed in free contract notwithstanding, for he offered his sister to Hogg on those terms. What are we to think of a man who, after leaving his wife for a mistress, writes to the wife requesting her to join them? The best excuse for Shelley is not that he was a man of genius, for genius does not lessen responsibility, but that he was a man of vehement impulses, who died young, before he had time to weigh and atone for his own great sins."

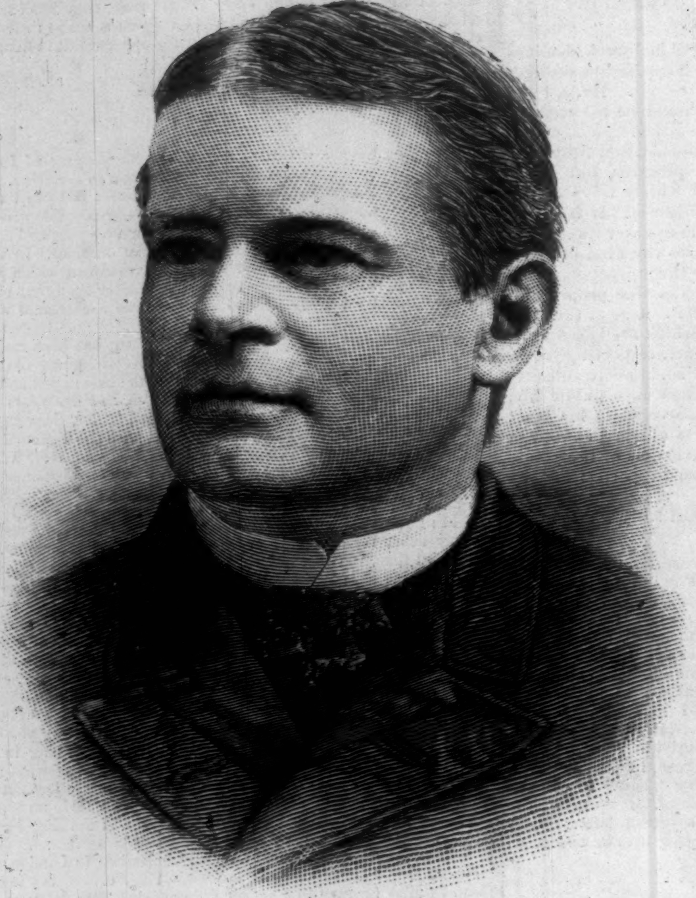
—The *Saturday Review*: "No board of living scholars is competent to sit in judgment on the scholarship of the Revisers of the Old Testament. Many of them rank among the greatest living Hebraists, and their marginal notes bear witness to their profound acquaintance with Biblical literature. If the English reader wishes to be told whether he can afford to dispense with the Revisers' work, we can assure him that he can not."

—A French writer in the *Fortnightly Review* tries to belittle the late Victor Hugo by calling him a knight of "a grand tournament of words, manœuvring automatically for the sake of a spectacle. Let us take his best pieces and study them. What do we find? A commonplace. The few themes on which the incessant lyrism of Victor Hugo exercises itself are the following: Nature reveals God; we ought to give alms; riches do not give happiness; we ought to be content with a little; it is a fine thing to die for one's country; we are all mortal; the money spent in giving a ball would be better employed in charity; all men are brothers; vice is always punished; death brings us to a better world; there is a Providence."

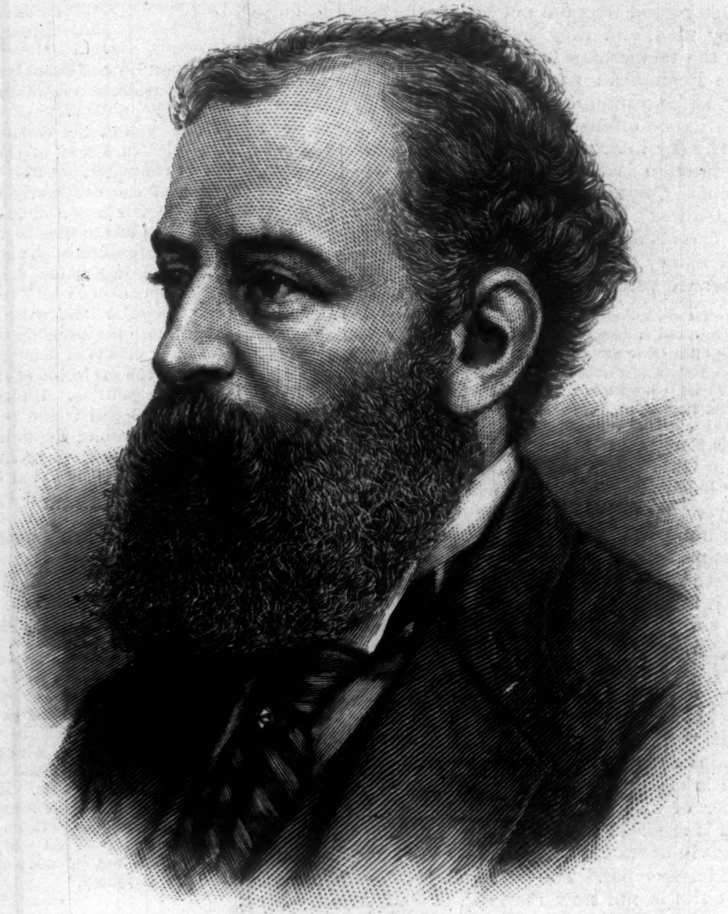
—Captain Lloyd has been travelling in Scandinavia, where wolves are abundant. The animals are very fond of pork, and his plan of enticing them in order to shoot them was to keep a live pig in his sledge, and to pinch him in the night-time. In order further to deceive the wolves, he fastened a bundle of straw, covered with a black sheep-skin, to a rope fifty feet long, and dangled it when the sledge was in motion. The wolves heard the pig squeak, and thinking that the bundle was a pig, came near enough to be picked off with a rifle.

—Mr. S. Stepniak, the celebrated chronicler of Russia's persecutions, is quite ready to defend himself against his critics. He is an able controversialist as well, and in one of his latest letters declares that the term "Nihilist" was invented by Tourguéneff in 1862 to designate a set of freethinking students, who destroyed no life but that of many thousand frogs, by investigations into experimental physiology. It was not until 1871 that the word was applied to a revolutionary movement which, for five or six years afterward, was quite pacific, accompanied by no act of violence.

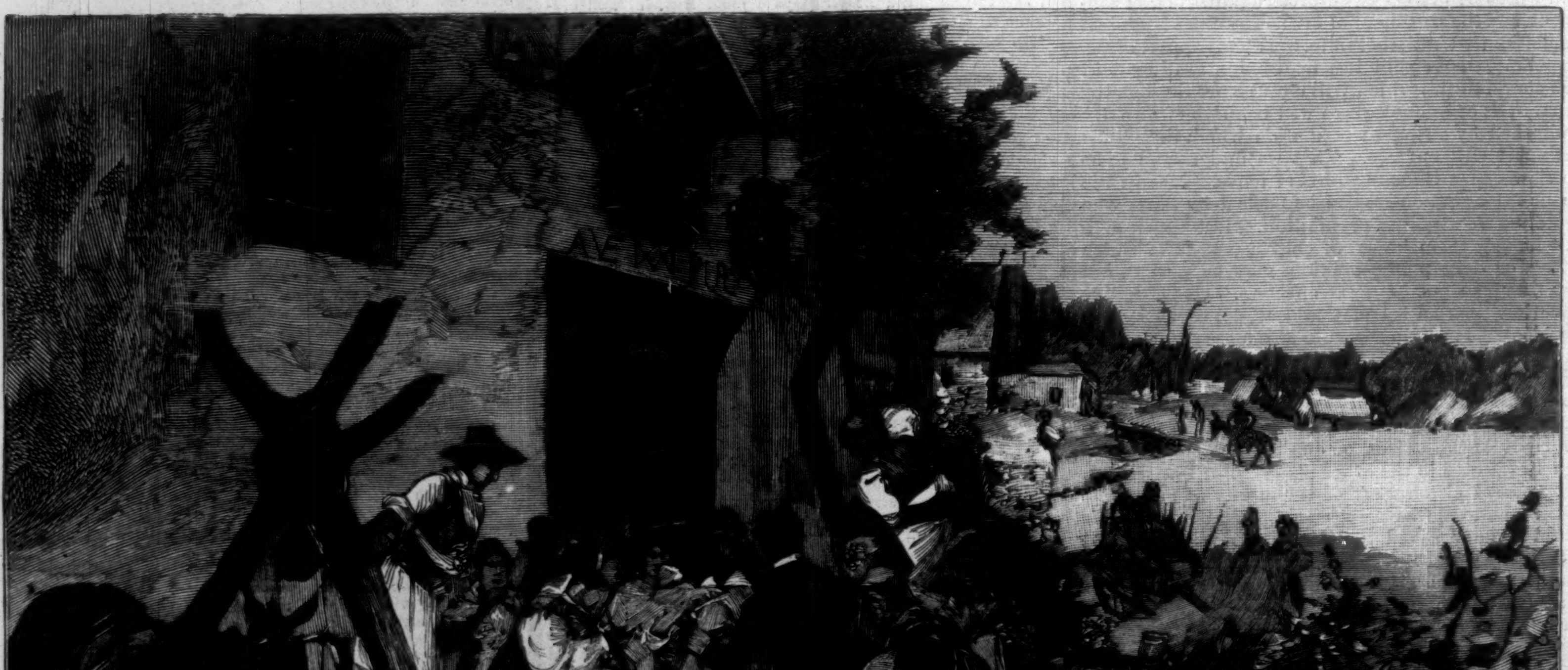
—A person who styles himself an "Undertaker of Journeys in Hungarie" has published in English in that country an entirely fresh guide-book, called *Programme of a Pleasir Journey*. His syntax and orthography are interesting, especially when he assures the reader that "as undertaker not only speaks English and French, but also Hungarian and German, as well as the other languages spoken in that part of the country, and has acquired by several journeys into the country during more than ten years of experience, every difficulty is surmounted. He also had the honor of conducting his R. H. Robert d'Orleans, Duk of Chartres, during his travels through Hungary and Transylvania last year, and had merited his perfect eulogy."



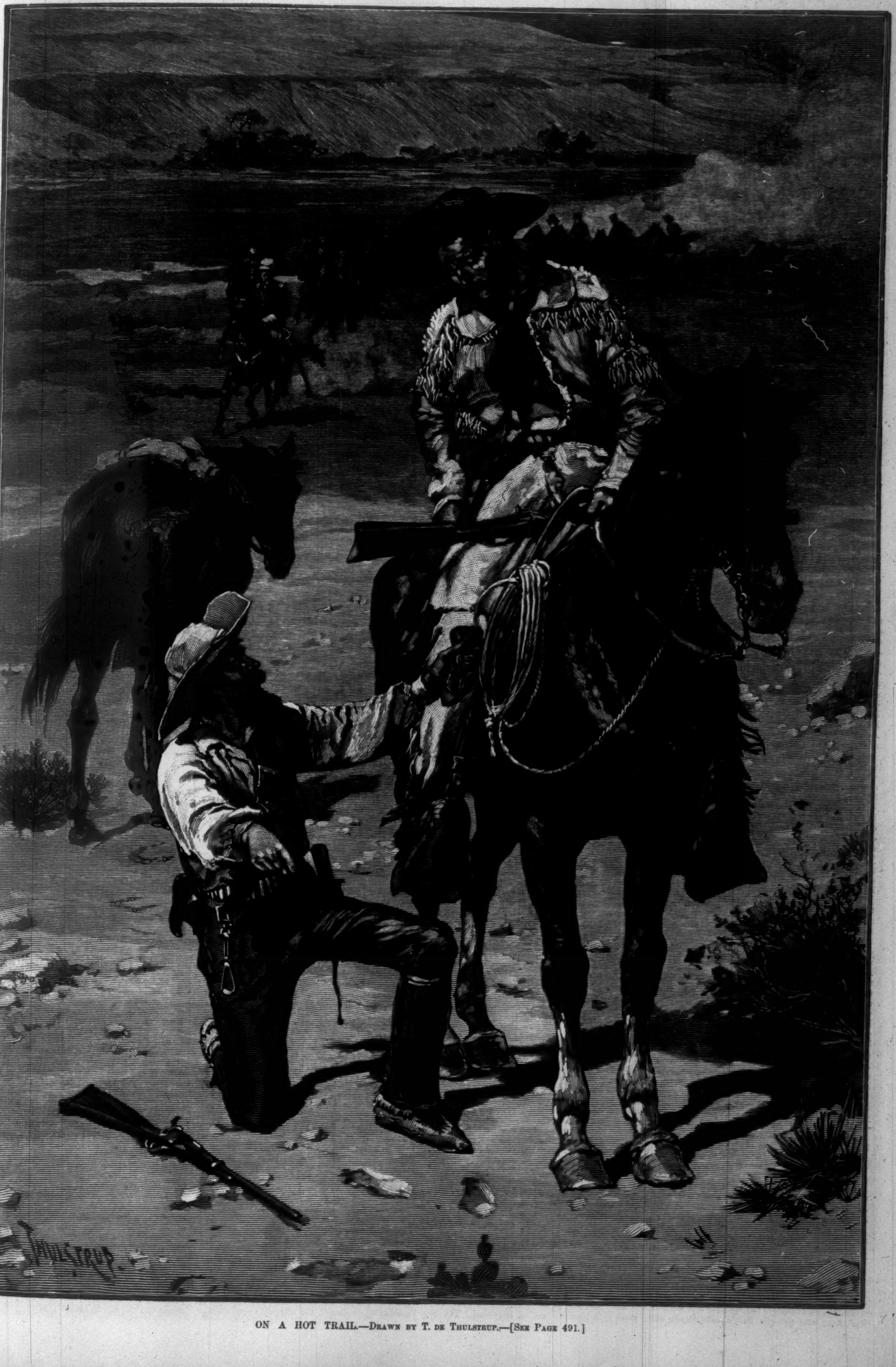
HON. JOHN S. WISE, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 491.]



LORD ROTHSCHILD.
[SEE PAGE 491.]



DR. FERRAN INOCULATING FOR CHOLERA IN SPAIN.—[SEE PAGE 491.]



ON A HOT TRAIL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 491.]

SAR' ANN.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

Sar' Ann turned the key in the school-house door with a great sigh of relief. Teaching school in the Peters Settlement was, at best, a weariness to flesh and spirit; to-day it had been torture. It was a grain of comfort that the little Mudgetts and Pendletons found a greater charm in the strawberries over by Quaker Creek than in her society. In ordinary moods Sar' Ann was able to bear, with a pious mind, their pulling at her skirts, their contention for the honor of "taking hold" of her hand, their shrilling of "Teach*a!* teach*a!*" as a necessary part of the lot which a gracious Providence had assigned her, and which was doubtless far better than her deserts. (Modern thought concerning the martyrdom of man had not invaded Sar' Ann's world.) But to-day she was in no ordinary mood, and they rasped her nerves. Even Sar' Ann was almost "with her lot at strife." A yawning chasm had suddenly opened before her in a pathway which, although rough and narrow, had always seemed safe; that was how it seemed to Sar' Ann. In reality her trouble was sordid and common enough, and the merest atom in the weight of misery that the groaning earth daily bears up. People generally thought Sar' Ann was apt to take things too hard. If the mortgage was to be foreclosed and their house taken from them, why, it wasn't as if old Mrs. Quint couldn't go and live with her brother's widow: folks said Jane Gerry had a more comfortable disposition since *he* died; that is, if Sar' Ann couldn't earn enough keeping school to board her out; and as for Mely, it would be well for her to have a good stirring up, and find out it wouldn't hurt her to work for her living like other folks. And Cousin Submit Baker, who lived with them, could board round dress-making; she'd earned more than enough now to buy up the old place if she hadn't spent it on that shiftless son of hers out in Colorado. That was what people said in Attlebury, with the serene common-sense and lofty courage with which people are apt to bear the misfortunes of others.

They could not know the effect that it had upon Sar' Ann's overwrought nerves—overwrought by eleven years' school-keeping in the Peters Settlement—when she was awakened in the night by her mother's frantic clinging to her, and piteous begging that she would find some way to keep the old roof over her head for the little time she had left; to keep her from the poor-house, of which she had felt a secret dread for many a year; but maybe the poor-house would be better than to live with Jane. Sar' Ann *wouldn't* let her go to live with Jane, who had "tried" poor brother Eben into his grave. Then relieved by Sar' Ann's assurances, given with an earnestness that belied her fainting heart, the tremulous old voice would drift into a recital of Jane's "trying" ways, her unsound views upon the saleratus question, her indiscretions in house-cleaning and preserving, her infirmities of temper, and her heretical leanings toward homœopathy. Old Mrs. Quint "wasn't what she used to be," people said. To Sar' Ann, who remembered her courageous, self-reliant, of vigorous intellect, her condition was heart-breakingly pitiful. Sar' Ann was like her, people said; she too had been apt to take life too hard, although she showed it, as Sar' Ann did, only in looks; they were not the kind to say much. The life that old Mrs. Quint had taken too hard was that of the wife of a country minister who was strong in theology, but weak in spine and digestion; who was capable of writing sermons up to ninthly, abounding in proofs of original sin and inspiring assurances of the woful destiny of mankind, but incapable of seeing that the garden gate was off its hinges, the wood unchopped, the boys outgrowing their jackets. And the sermons were not "acceptable." They moved from place to place, with salaries growing smaller and smaller. The boys died in the flower of their youth.

When the minister lay in his last illness a distant relative bequeathed to them an old homestead in Attlebury, and Mrs. Quint had settled into a serene and cheerful existence. But they had been obliged to mortgage it; it was to an easy, kindly man, who never troubled them when the interest was overdue—it was often overdue, for teaching school in the Peters Settlement was not largely remunerative. But Sar' Ann and Cousin Submit always looked forward hopefully to earning or saving more the next quarter. Just what happened, although it was likely enough to happen any day, they had never thought of as possible; the easy man died, and his heir declared his intention of foreclosing at once unless the interest due should be immediately paid. And old Mrs. Quint, although all her neighbors could plan so cheerfully for her future, was taking this stroke of fortune harder than all the woes of her life. For herself Sar' Ann could have borne it as well as people thought she ought to; but for her mother—and Mely! How could Mely work for her living? She possessed a curious likeness to her father; not theologically—Mely had no more theology than a sparrow; and her weakness of backbone was figurative rather than literal; but she had the same serene disregard of the sordid details of living; it was a mysterious dispensation of Providence that barrels of flour should dwindle, and shoes give out, and interest go on increasing, but it was of no particular consequence, except that Sar' Ann, owing to the peculiarity of her temperament, took it hard. Mely sang in the choir, and loved pink bonnets; she generally had them, too; her mother and Sar' Ann would have thought it a dreadful thing for Mely not to have what she wanted. She couldn't sew, because it gave her a pain in her side; she thought she was going to die of consumption, and took Lung Balsam, and wrote farewell verses to her friends; this worried Sar' Ann, who thought Mely's complexion did look consumptive, but Cousin Submit said "Cal's foot!"

Cousin Submit was undeniably a little hard-hearted, except where her scapegrace son Lemuel was concerned. Sar' Ann thought she really ought to be less indulgent toward him. Vigorous discipline is necessary for other people's scapegraces.

In Cousin Submit's view there was no place for Melys in the scheme of the universe. She was continually saying, "If you ain't carrying your end of the yoke fair and square, it's dragging terribly on somebody."

Mely never understood. To her mind it was an honorable vocation to look pretty in pink bonnets and be threatened with consumption. Sar' Ann knew that all Attlebury shared Cousin Submit's opinion of Mely; but nobody could be expected to understand Mely who was not her own flesh and blood.

Mely homeless! Mely, compared to whom the white kitten was a diplomate, forced to pit her wits against the world! Sar' Ann grew sick and faint as the thought pressed upon her again, the benumbing force of school routine removed.

It was a June day, and the afternoon sun was still hot. She was descending the hill to Purgatory Swamp, where there was no shade. She sat down on a log at the entrance of the swamp road; it seemed impossible to go further, and home was still a mile away. She had left her luncheon untasted at noon; if she should force herself to eat something now, it might give her strength. She opened her lunch-basket. Cousin Submit's dried-apple pie and doughnuts were not appetizing, but stern duty impelled. There was a piece of a newpaper in the basket—Cousin Submit would put newspaper around the lunch when she was in a hurry—and an advertisement caught Sar' Ann's eye: "The holder of ticket 31,036, —— State Lottery, is hereby notified that he has drawn a prize of $3000." Sar' Ann had long known that there were such wickednesses as lotteries in the world, but she would have passed the advertisement with scarcely a thought, in her preoccupied condition, if it had not recalled to her mind a recent happening which had created almost an excitement in their monotonous life.

Sar' Ann's cousin Daniel Chase, who had gone out West with Cousin Submit's son, sent to Sar' Ann a trunk which had been left in the mining camp where he was by a stranger who was to have returned the next week, but who had not come, although nearly a year had elapsed. An epidemic had broken out in the camp to which he said he was going, and many had died. Daniel Chase thought it probable that he was among the number. The trunk contained some valuables, and as the stranger had said he lived not far from Attlebury, would Sar' Ann try to find him or his heirs?

They had examined the trunk with pitiful interest. Mely had been moved to write some verses on the untimely death of the unknown. Sar' Ann inserted advertisements in several newspapers. As yet they had elicited no response.

Among the stranger's effects was a lottery ticket. Sar' Ann had been shocked to find it between the leaves of a Testament. She was wont to be greatly troubled by the wickedness of the world. When she and Adoniram should be together, she hoped to do much in the warfare against Satan. (Adoniram was now, at thirty, making his way through a theological school; he had had greater hardships and hinderances than Sar' Ann. When he was settled as a minister they hoped to be married.) She hoped that the stranger had found space for repentance before he died—if he were dead.

If he were alive, and should appear in response to her advertisement, she wondered whether she should have courage to offer any words of warning. Adoniram might think it was her duty. "—— State Lottery," that was the name upon the ticket in the Testament; "31,036," it seemed to her that that was the very number. Perhaps it was this ticket that had drawn the prize, and the owner had died without knowing it. Three thousand dollars! And perhaps he had known the racking anxiety and fear that want brings! Yet a man, even if he had helpless ones to care for, could scarcely feel that shrinking terror of the future that she felt. Still, it seemed a pity that he should not have known of the three thousand dollars. Sar' Ann was actually forgetting that it was the wages of sin. She realized it suddenly with a feeling of horror. "I believe I was envious. I don't know what I was thinking of. Sometimes I think my mind is giving way," she said to herself, throwing the paper from her, and hurrying away as if from temptation. Suddenly she paused, irresolute. Ought she not to keep the paper to show to the stranger's heirs if the ticket should be the winning number? And yet would it be right to help anybody to gambling gains? Gambling of every sort was a vague and shapeless evil to Sar' Ann's mind, never having come in her way. Sin was sin; nevertheless there were degrees.

Sar' Ann's uninstructed conscience refused to give her direct counsel. She took a middle course. She went back and picked up the paper, and thrust it into the hollow heart of the log on which she had been sitting.

"After all, it probably isn't the number, and I have troubled myself for nothing," she said to herself, and went on relieved. The turning of her thoughts into another channel seemed to have eased her burden. She had an unexplainable sense of having escaped from some new and greater peril.

The droning of insects in the sultry air seemed a cheerful sound; the brassy heavens had hidden themselves under grateful clouds. Sar' Ann's senses were almost unconscious of the rank vegetation that made Purgatory Swamp a dread to her.

Mely met her at the gate, with a little white hood with blue ribbons on her head. The day was very warm, but the little hood was becoming. Mely's delicate beauty had faded, but she rubbed her cheeks furtively to give them color, and she had always a little smile on her face—some people called it meaningless. Cousin Submit was sometimes irritated by it when things were going very wrong, but Sar' Ann always thought it was beautiful.

"Here is a letter for you, in a strange hand, and with a postmark that we can't make out. I'm sure it's an answer to the advertisement," cried Mely, eagerly.

Mely's mind was absorbed by romantic visions of the owner of the trunk; every day she looked for his appearance, wasted by illness, dark-eyed, poetical, predestined to be her lover.

Sar' Ann sat down in the porch, and Cousin Submit left the biscuits she was making for tea, and came out with her hands covered with flour, and Mrs. Quint stood in the doorway, her face sharp with anxiety. All news now must mean that the homestead was to be taken away at once, she thought. Sar' Ann read aloud:

"Miss Sarah Ann Quint,—You might as well quit advertising for Hosea Canberry or his heirs to communicate with you. He must be dead, for he hasn't tried to get any money out of me for more'n a year; and as for his heirs, I'm his uncle, and all the heirs there is, to the best of my belief, and I don't want any communications about him. I can't be holden for any of his debts, and if he has left anything behind him that ain't in the sheriff's hands, you or anybody else is welcome to it for all me. I hope you've got enough to pay for your advertising, for I sha'n't pay for it. Your obedient servant,

"Nahum Burbeck, Burbeck's Mills."

"Burbeck's Mills? Why, that's where you kept school last winter, Submit. No, not last winter." (Time was becoming an elusive phantom to old Mrs. Quint.)

"Forty years ago. But he's Nahum Burbeck yet," said Cousin Submit, dryly, but with a tinge of unusual color on her sharp cheek-bones.

"I must stop the advertisements," said Sar' Ann.

"You might sell the watch to pay for them if you were sure he was dead," said Cousin Submit.

"I don't believe he is," said Mely. "I'm sure his uncle is a horrid old man."

Sar' Ann went up to the unfurnished chamber where the trunk was, to look at the lottery ticket. There was the number, 31,036, staring at her as she opened the Testament. She felt as if she had been sure of it before, but her knees shook under her. She let the trunk lid fall with a crash as Mely came into the room. Mely, whose interest in the unknown was intensified by his cruel uncle's abuse, was full of speculations and suggestions, which Sar' Ann answered irrelevantly or not at all.

"Sar' Ann looks so pale and queer! She lets things worry her so! I'm going to get up a picnic to Dighton's woods to take up her mind," said Mely to her mother.

"Sar' Ann, that man's been round again. I fendered him off so's't your mother didn't see him. But he says he's going to take possession the 1st of the month. Law nor Gospel won't hinder him if he don't get his money. I know the Ginleys, root and branch," said Cousin Submit.

Sar' Ann went to school around by Quaker Creek the next day; it was nearly a mile farther, but she said there was something about Purgatory Swamp that made her head ache.

School closed that day. The pupils presented to Sar' Ann a handsomely bound Testament. When she opened it she almost expected to see 31,036 staring at her; she had a horrified feeling that Testaments and lottery tickets would always be associated in her mind. But she saw that number everywhere; the figures were little black imps dancing between her eyes and the bland faces of the committee-men.

The next day was Saturday. Mely had planned to have the picnic in Dighton's woods, but it rained. Sar' Ann worked all day, scarcely raising her eyes, on a great rug that Cousin Submit had begun because the dining-room oil-cloth was cold in winter.

"She's all beat out, but she works as if she was possessed—and no knowing either whether we shall ever want the rug," Cousin Submit said.

It rained Sunday. Sar' Ann went to church all day, but it transpired that she did not know either of Parson Lowther's texts.

"A nice minister's wife you'll make!" said Mely, facetiously.

Sar' Ann was wont to take jokes lightly, and not above returning them in kind, but she actually turned pale at this, and rose and left the room.

Cousin Submit looked after her with knitted brows. "I don't know as ever I saw the time before when I didn't know what to make of Sar' Ann," she said.

Cousin Submit liked to talk things over; not that she was one of those whose energy evaporates in talk; but she liked to have a clear understanding of what was to be done. If Sar' Ann had any plans for meeting the crisis that was coming, she wanted to know them. And it wasn't like Sar' Ann not to have any.

"There she goes!" exclaimed Mely, as Sar' Ann went out of the side door in her water-proof. "I believe she is going to prayer-meeting just because I teased her about the texts. I never thought she'd mind, but she looked *pale*. This dull weather makes nervous people mind everything." And Mely, who wasn't nervous, inveigled the white kitten into a frolic.

Sar' Ann was not going to prayer-meeting. She took the road to Purgatory Swamp, heedless, unconscious, of the rain and wind. She was torn by conflicting emotions; she scarcely knew whether she most feared or hoped that rain had penetrated the hollow log, and soaked the paper so that the printing was illegible. She did not know the address to which the owner of ticket 31,036 was to write to secure the prize; she had not even observed in what city the enterprise was located. Knowing that it was the —— State Lottery, it might not be very difficult to discover, but she had resolved to commit her purpose to the mercy of this chance.

Fate seemed to show itself against her purpose. Purgatory Swamp was largely made up of bogs and pitfalls. In the dry weather it was not easy to avoid them altogether; now Sar' Ann plunged into them on every hand. Sometimes she half turned back; it seemed impossible to go on. But she persevered; her mother's white, anxious face, Mely's helpless, appealing little smile, seemed to beckon her on through the gathering darkness.

There was only just light enough to enable her to see the log at the foot of the hill. She thrust her hand into the hollow, and drew out the paper, so deeply buried that it was perfectly dry.

"I don't know whether I can get the money—my head feels dazed," she murmured, thrusting the crumpled ball of paper into her pocket. "But if I should, and he should be alive, I could pay it. I would work my fingers to the bone to pay it."

Sar' Ann never quite knew how she recrossed Purgatory Swamp, but she entered the house as people were returning from prayer-meeting, and she let Mely take it for granted that she had been there, although Mely was surprised to find that the services had made no deeper impression than those of the daytime, and was deeply disappointed that she could not find out whether Lovisy Wing had exposed her new bonnet to the inclement weather, or whether Luke Tirrell went home with Lucy Plumb.

Sar' Ann had a letter ready for the mail the next morning. There was only one mail a day, and it went at twelve o'clock, when the stage came from Orford. The stage passed the house, and the Quints were in the habit of giving their letters to the driver, to save the walk to the post-office. This letter would be safer so, Sar' Ann thought, for the stage-driver had less curiosity than Lucy Plumb, the postmaster's daughter, who knew her handwriting.

The hours of the forenoon wore away slowly, yet every stroke of the clock sounded to Sar' Ann like the knell of doom. She looked worn and haggard, as if a great weight of years had fallen upon her at one stroke. More than once her fingers had closed upon the letter to tear it to pieces. But it was the only chance—it *must* go. Five minutes of twelve, and there was a rumble of wheels. Sar' Ann ran out to the gate.

It was not the stage, after all. It was only a wagon with two men in it; they stopped at the gate.

"Does Miss Sarah Ann Quint live here?" asked the older, and as Sar' Ann acknowledged her name, he proceeded deliberately to alight. He was an old man, spare and shrewd, yet with a certain frosty mellowness about him which suggested that Time's touch had been softening.

"He's turned up, you see, contr'y to my expectations," he said, with a resigned nod in the direction of his companion, who followed him—a man approaching middle age, shabbily but flashily dressed, and showing signs of dissipation. "'Twa'n't two hours after I wrote to you that he come walkin' in. Well, death loves a shinin' mark, and them that's always short in pocket is apt to be long-lived. Cur'us thing is that I was kind of glad to see the scamp. His mother was my sister, you know; that kind of sticks as you grow old. But don't you let him cheat you out of the advertisin' bill. He will if he can."

They had reached the house by this time, and the nephew, lingering somewhat shamefacedly in the rear, had come up with them. "If there ain't Submit Andrews! or used to be: well, I'd as soon have thought of meeting you in heaven—and a good deal sooner," stammered the old man, who was very much confused, and actually showed a change of color in his grizzled cheeks.

Cousin Submit, who was only slightly confused, said, somewhat coldly and primly, that she "only hoped they were all fit to go there."

Sar' Ann took the nephew up to the store-room to see his possessions, and Mely followed, in a flutter of curiosity. Her ideal was shattered; but Mely was quite used to that, and never seemed to mind it much, and a fresh one was almost always forth-coming.

"They ain't worth much, that's a fact," said the owner of the trunk, turning its contents over. "I should have had that watch traded off on some of the boys in camp by this time if that blarsted fever hadn't got hold of me; it's only plated, and it won't go any how you can fix it."

"There is a lottery ticket," said Sar' Ann, steadying her voice with an effort. "And I saw this—perhaps I ought to tell you." She drew the crumpled paper from her pocket and gave it to him, while Mely's eyes grew round with wonder.

"Great Jehoshaphat! that *is* the number, ain't it?—31,036. I believe my luck is goin' to turn. I never come so nigh to a streak of luck before in my life. If I'd only kept on buyin' that number! It's seven years old, that ticket is, and drawed a blank. I don't know why I've kept it; jest as you keep a bad penny, I s'pose—kind of for luck. I'm glad I did, for it's real kind of encouragin' to come so nigh it. Why, I've tried all kinds of comberations, and gone by dreams, and clairvoyants, and fortune-tellers, and never come within a thousand miles of hittin' it before."

"Lotteries are gambling; they are very wicked," said Mely, sententiously.

The disciple of Luck turned a meditative glance upon her.

"I expect they be, now," he said, drawlingly; "but a feller that draws a prize when he's desprit hard up ain't apt to look at it from what you might call the meetin'-house p'int of view."

Was Sar' Ann going to let this unrighteousness pass without rebuke? Mely looked at her in amazement. There was a choking in her throat, but she slipped out of the room in silence; and she was not to be found until after the strangers had gone, although the owner of the trunk, evidently impelled by his more upright uncle, insisted, with an air of noble generosity, upon paying the advertising bill.

When she came in, apparently from the orchard, Cousin Submit had some news waiting for her. Cousin Submit was flushed and excited, and she shut the doors carefully, that Pamely Jacobs, the washer-woman, might not hear.

"Mebbe your mother has told you that Nahum Burbeck and I kept company when we were young," she said. "We were expecting to be married at Thanksgiving, but in the summer Seliny Tyler came home from boarding-school, and she played on the piano, and curled her hair with the tongs, and her uncle had left her the farm joining Nahum's. So it fell out that he married her at Thanksgiving-time instead of me. I don't bear anybody a grudge, if I ever did. I've about concluded that you'll get what's for you in this world, and nobody can let or hinder you, and it's no use fretting for what isn't. But Nahum Burbeck seems to feel that he done me a great injury. I've heard that Seliny was sickly and slack and extravagant. I don't know how much that had to do with bringing him to repentance. Anyhow, he seemed to think he could make amends by marrying me now that he is rich and prosperous (Seliny's been dead these ten years); but I let him know right off that I'd drank the cup of matrimony to the dregs, and didn't want any more of it. And then it came over me like a flash that I'd eat humble pie enough to ask him to take up the mortgage and get us out of our trouble, for I knew we could pay up the interest easy enough if we only had time, now Lemuel's doing so well. And he just jumped at it. He's going to fix it all up to-day, and he hopes we'll take our own time to pay the interest."

"I never could believe 'twas the Lord's will that I should be without a shelter in my old age, nor left to bear Jane's flings and her saleratus bread," said old Mrs. Quint, piously.

Sar' Ann burst into tears—a rare thing for Sar' Ann, and, as Mely said, "the *greatest* way to take such good news."

"It is just the same as if I had done it. I *did* do it!" cried Sar' Ann, in an agony of confession. "It was only God's providence that stopped me."

It was in the prim little parlor, sacred to state occasions and lovers, and Adoniram sat on the shabby, springless, hair-cloth sofa. The green paper curtains rattled in the summer breeze, and Sar' Ann's father, rigid and consumptive, looked down from an airy frame of feather flowers.

"If He left us to ourselves!" said Adoniram, pushing back with a little perplexed gesture the lock that overhung his high, narrow forehead. (Mely *couldn't* like Adoniram, because he looked like pictures of Jonathan Edwards, and had an Adam's apple, and the legs of his pantaloons were always too short.)

"But you can never trust me. I can never trust myself again. Oh, Adoniram, it was just as if I had met Satan bodily in Purgatory Swamp!"

"Let us pray," said Adoniram, and got down upon his well-worn knees.

Mely received a check for a poem on "Blighted Hopes," which she sent to a thriving paper, and saw dazzling vistas of fame and pink bonnets opening before her.

Cousin Submit received the nineteenth assurance from her son Lemuel that he had turned over a new leaf; and believed it firmly.

As for Sar' Ann, school began again the second Monday in September. Adoniram was soon to be ordained and settled over a parish that gave him six hundred dollars a year and a (leaky) parsonage. She found that the hollow log was completely covered by a riotous blackberry vine whose leaves were already gay. And airs of paradise were wafted through Purgatory Swamp.

A SUMMER RESORT ON THE ROOF.

Many a child in New York who never enjoys the luxury of a "bucket and pail" on the sand of the beach, and never goes into the country, yet has a summer resort. It is on the roof of a tenement-house. So soon as the sun has fairly gone down, the children run in from the street and climb up six, seven, or eight flights of stairs for a merry hour or two where they feel the breezes that can not enter the rooms and are never felt in the streets. It is an interesting sight to see a roof which covers a whole block, and is two acres in extent, turned into the play-ground or the resting-place of the hundreds of men, women, and children who live under it. The men leave their coats and hats, and many of them their shoes, at home, and the women take their sewing or their knitting-needles and go abroad on the roof, for it is Germany, or Italy, or England, for each one according as the fresh air recalls his or her native land. It is not Newport nor Long Branch, for they know nothing of these. But it gives the essential blessings of the sea-side resort—coolness, a chance for gossip, and magnificent views. The men discuss "business" with even more spirit than at the fashionable resort, smoke their pipes with greater freedom, and take even as great liberties with propriety to get into comfortable attitudes. The women use what time the care of their little charges allows them to discuss with one neighbor the follies of another in the presence of the whole neighborhood, and the children make a play-ground of what space is left them by the groups of men and women. After the lamps are lighted, it is a fine view that is commanded from the roof of a high tenement-house—long rows of street lamps, the electric lights at Hell Gate, on the bridge, and in the squares, and the moving lights down the bay. When a solid block of tenement-houses affords such relief on the roof from the necessary disadvantages of summer residence in them, even their largeness and height, which are the causes of dark rooms and dangerous construction, become their chief advantages as summer resorts. The fashion of spending the evening on the roof becomes more general every year in New York, and houses are now constructed with special reference to such use. Good stairways are built to the doors which open on the house-top, railings are put around to make it a safer play-ground, and seats are put up which remain there all summer.

HON. JOHN S. WISE.

Hon. John Sargeant Wise, who has been nominated by the Republican Convention for Governor of Virginia, was born on Christmas Day, 1846, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where his father, the late Henry A. Wise, was in the diplomatic service of the United States. The Wises have been among the most distinguished families in Virginia since the first John Wise made his home in the colony in 1636, on a large grant of land made to him by the crown, and every generation has contributed a conspicuous member to public life. It was the present Mr. Wise's father who was Governor of Virginia at the time John Brown was executed, and his mother was of the distinguished Pennsylvanian family of Sargeants. Mr. Wise was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, where he received training that stood him in good stead in war, and at the University of Virginia. He was in his eighteenth year when he entered the military service of the Confederacy, where he distinguished himself by bravery, received a wound at Newmarket, and was commissioned a Lieutenant. It was he who bore the last dispatch from General Lee to the President of the Confederacy, and after Lee's surrender he joined the retreating army of Johnston. After the war he applied himself to the law, and made his home in Richmond, where he has had a successful professional career. The only public offices that he has filled are the Attorneyship for the Eastern District of Virginia (1882 to 1883), and a seat as member at large from the State in the Forty-eighth Congress, to which he was elected as a Re-adjuster. His campaign was one of the most brilliant in the recent history of Virginia, and his eloquence on the stump and in Congress gave him the prominence to which he owes his present nomination. He is accounted one of the best orators in the South.

Mr. Wise enjoys the distinction, too, of being one of the best judges of dogs in the Union, and he prides himself on the record he has made as a sportsman. He is personally known in every part of Virginia, and he has inherited and cultivated the social qualities for which the old Virginians were famous.

FERRAN'S METHOD OF INOCULATION.

The young physician Dr. Jaime Ferran, who has inoculated thousands of persons in Spain with the bacillus, or germ, of Asiatic cholera, is only thirty-three years old. He was educated at Tortosa and Tarragona, and at Barcelona he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. By his published works on micro-telephony and his investigations concerning parasites he had gained some fame before the appearance of cholera at Toulon early in the summer of 1884. In December of that year he accompanied a commission sent to Marseilles from Barcelona to study the course and nature of the disease, and in that city and in Toulon he carried on those experiments with the cholera microbe whose results may prove to be of great importance to the human race. In December he announced that he had transmitted cholera to animals by inoculation, and that he had inoculated himself and his assistant.

The appearance of Asiatic cholera upon the southeastern coast of Spain four or five months later gave him his opportunity. He began his work in the province of Valencia, and the early reports, which seemed to show that he had been wonderfully successful, caused commissions to be sent by the Spanish government and from other countries to inspect his work and report upon the value of his discovery. Investigation has shown that the stories told two months ago about the protection afforded by inoculation were not supported by the facts, and that the statistics given out by Ferran and his assistants were not trustworthy. In the latter part of May it was announced that of thousands inoculated not one had died of cholera. A few days later it was said that of 7128 persons inoculated once in Alcira only seven had been attacked by cholera, and only two of these had died, while not one out of 8011 inoculated twice had died. By later statistics it was shown that in Alcira the proportion of non-inoculated persons attacked to inoculated persons attacked was as 261 to 59, and this difference was accounted for by the fact that those inoculated were well-to-do persons. Ferran's refusal to disclose his method of cultivating the microbes, and his apparent desire to make as much money as possible out of his discovery, caused visiting physicians to make careful investigations concerning results, and their reports indicate that while inoculation has had some moral effect by giving courage to those who submit to it, its value as a preventive is yet to be demonstrated. To our own government a report made by Dr. E. de la Granja, of Boston, has been forwarded by Minister Foster. Dr. La Granja, who accompanied the Spanish commission, asserts that Ferran's process is "very crude, unscientific, and anti-pathologic." "The inoculated," he says, "are attacked by cholera, and they die like those not inoculated." He predicts that Ferran's process will "fall into as much discredit as the treatment of cancer by the use of cundurango."

The microbe broth is introduced by hypodermic injections in each arm. The patient is said to suffer from headache, lassitude, and dull pains in the muscles for about twenty-four hours. Ferran himself gave this description in a note recently addressed to the French Academy of Sciences: "I use the pure, unattenuated growth obtained in very nourishing bouillon. The proper amount to use is one cubic centimeter for each arm. Three inoculations are necessary to confer immunity. I allow an interval of five days between the inoculations. That makes in all a total of six cubic centimeters of matter introduced into the cellular tissue. The bacillus does not reproduce itself in the tissue. I am inclined to think that the preservative power lies in the fact that the organism gets gradually accustomed to the virus of cholera, which thus loses its ability to harm the individual inoculated. It is difficult to say how long the immunity will last, but it is probably two months at least."

ON THE SAND PIER.

An enterprising individual at that exceedingly popular resort of Atlantic City, on the New Jersey coast, has hit upon the somewhat novel plan of improving upon the lounging and flirting place which nature has provided in the shape of the beach. He has built a sand pier, on which people may sit and be cool on a dead level, as shown in our illustration, shielded from the morning or afternoon sun by huge umbrellas. Here they in the daytime sit and talk, sketch and walk, or occupy themselves with sketching, a novel, or the woman's chief solace when the men are not about, fancy-work. A cool breeze plays among their tresses if they are drying them after the bath. Their beach chairs do not catch in the holes between the planks, as they do on the ordinary piers; neither is the treacherous nail at hand to tear the dainty boot or the skirts of muslin, calico, or white flannel. Neither do the dripping bathers coming from the bath splash the idlers, nor are they forced to exhibit their own uncouth and bedraggled garments.

In the evening, too, the sand pier has its attractions to lovers. And perhaps many of the sand pier flirtations will end in love stories that will not close with one summer, but with a wedding, and in houses not built on sand. Others, however, will be forgotten, and the lovers will drift as far apart as often do the sands which once were also companions.

ON A HOT TRAIL.

In 1874 the Cheyennes gave a great deal of trouble, and General Miles found it no easy task to bring them under subjection. The threatened Cheyenne outbreak arises from a variety of causes. Like the Arrapahoes, the Cheyennes are at variance with their agent, and have no liking for agriculture, and disputes are constant as to quantity and quality of the supplies furnished them by the government. The most constant source of irritation arises from the encroachment of ranchmen on the Indian grass lands. The Cheyennes have not entirely forgotten, however, their experiences of eleven years ago, and their older and wiser chiefs have been using strenuous efforts to keep back the savage elements of their tribe. General Miles, as the successor of General Augur, is now *en route* for the Cheyenne reservation, and it is believed that his presence, without recourse to arms, will quell the trouble.

In Indian fighting, on the part of our troops, rapidity of movement is the most important element. Unless Indians are in larger number than their enemies, they rarely take the initiative, but of course they will fight to the death. When in flight it is the most difficult of tasks to catch up with them. In following Indians it becomes a question of physical endurance, for the lasting powers of the men and the horses have to be considered. With all the vaunted stories of the tireless Indian, the cavalry-man accustomed to his duties is quite a match for any savage, and his better-bred horse will outstrip the Indian pony.

In the pursuit of a band of flying Indians they generally have a long start. An experienced officer in pursuit will be sure at first to nurse his strength. It is better to reserve his force for the finish. If, however, the enemy is within striking distance, not an instant is lost, and neither man nor horse is spared.

In advance of the flying column ride the scouts, and they are the most vigilant of videttes. If the plain be grassy, the track of the mounted Indians is easy to follow; on hard dry ground it is more difficult. At once a scout can determine whether the enemy is moving slowly or rapidly. A favorite trick of the Indians is to make diverging trails, but the human sleuth-hounds are rarely at fault. The quick eye of the scout, though he is riding at break-neck speed, sees something on the ground. He dismounts, and picks up a moccasin. Is it a new or an old one? If new, its owner was in a great hurry, and, having dropped it, had no time to recover it; if old and worn out, the moccasin might have been thrown away intentionally. Its make and ornamentation at once determine to what tribe the moccasin belonged. Instantly a decision is arrived at. The evidences are that the owner of that moccasin is not many miles ahead. The officer in command of the squad of mounted men is coming up at full gallop, his soldiers streaming behind him. The scouts signal the direction, and, always in the advance, away they go, spurring their horses. Indications are frequent now, and the scouts are on the watch for a possible ambuscade. They would slacken their speed if the plain, studded here with cactus, was not so open. Then one of them, rising in his stirrups, points to a minute moving object far, far ahead.

"A hot trail," cries one of the scouts; "and there flounders a used-up horse! They hadn't time to kill him. We have taken the wind out of them."

"It's a matter of three-quarters of an hour before we strike 'em. They are too much blown to take to that timber. It's a hot trail, sure enough," says his comrade; "and it's not unlikely that there will be more than one dead Indian before we are through with 'em."

LORD ROTHSCHILD.

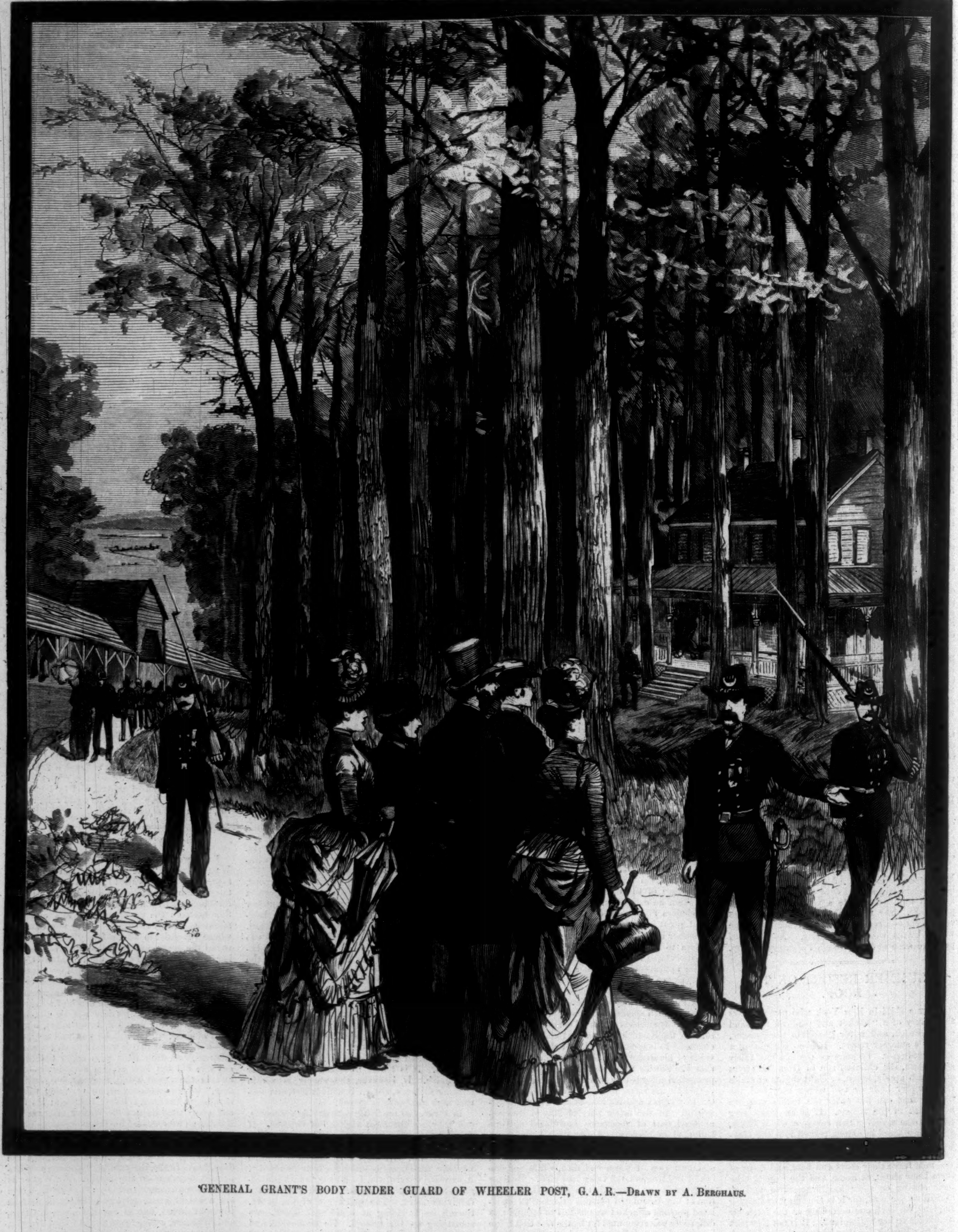
The elevation of Sir Nathaniel Rothschild, of the famous banking house in London, to the British peerage, is the first instance in which a person of the Jewish faith has been admitted to the House of Lords. Lord Rothschild deserves the honor, but it probably comes to him with less surprise than if the Rothschilds had not been barons in various European countries for several generations. A hundred years ago the founder of their great house was lending money in a dingy shop in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and the name Rothschild originated in the fact that the sign of that shop was a red shield (*Rothschild*). The first great stroke of business that fell to the Rothschilds was when they became the depositaries of the $20,000,000 which George III. paid to the Landgrave of Hesse for the 17,000 Hessians that fought against us in the Revolutionary war; and the first appearance of the Rothschilds as negotiators of government loans was in 1792, when the French General Custine threatened to sack the city of Frankfort unless a large ransom was paid. The authorities were utterly unable to raise the money, and Mayer Anselm Rothschild got them out of their dire extremity by borrowing it of his friend the Landgrave, who had taken a liking to him because he played chess well. A man with brains enough to be a master of that game was, he said, capable of taking care of other persons' money.

Five sons were born to this celebrated banker. The eldest, Anselm, conducted the business in Frankfort; the second, Solomon, settled in Vienna; the third, Nathan Mayer, established himself in London; the fourth, Charles, went to Naples; the fifth, James, became a power in Paris. All the five were in one and the same business, and constituted one and the same firm; and in order that their fortunes might be still more closely associated and their power still further consolidated, a settled matrimonial policy was adopted in 1836, at a formal congress of the family, by which it was agreed that the sons of the five brothers should marry their cousins. So attached was Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the head of the London house, to this principle, that he provided in his will that his three daughters should be disinherited if they married without the consent of their mother and brothers.

At the battle of Waterloo Nathan Mayer Rothschild was an interested spectator. By great energy and the expenditure of 2500 francs to a bold fisherman who, in the face of a storm, agreed to take him across the channel from Ostend to Dover, he reached the London Exchange forty-eight hours before the knowledge of Wellington's victory had arrived, and by buying all the consols, bills, and notes he could raise money for, made £6,000,000 sterling.

SCOTT'S PET DOGS.

Dogs were the constant companions of Sir Walter Scott. "The wisest dog I ever had," he says, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication between the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged." This was Camp, at whose funeral the whole family stood in tears round the grave, and Mrs. Lockhart recalls how her father smoothed down the turf above Camp, with the saddest expression she had ever seen on his face. On the evening of the dog's death, Scott excused himself from a dinner engagement, alleging as his apology, "the death of a dear old friend." Carlyle relates how a little Blenheim cocke, one of the smallest, beautifulest, and tiniest of dogs, with which he was well acquainted—a dog so shy that it would crouch toward its mistress, and draw back with angry timidity if any one did but look at him admiringly—once met in the street a tall, singular, busy-looking man, who was walking by, and running toward him, began fawning, frisking, licking at his feet, and every time he saw Sir Walter afterward in Edinburgh he repeated his demonstrations of delight. Many other references occur to them in the biographies of friends who visited him at Abbotsford. "I must not omit to describe the dogs," says Leslie, the painter, "who are very important members of the family. Sir Walter is never seen unaccompanied by two at least. There are a set of black terriers of the true Dandie Dinmont breed, named Spice, Ginger, Mustard, and Whiskey, a large greyhound called Hamlet, and a very venerable old deerhound, of gigantic size, named Maida, besides Lady Scott's own particular dog, Risk, and sundry pointers belonging to Charles Scott." When Sir Walter lost his property, he wrote these touching lines: "My dogs will wail for me. The thought of parting from these dumb creatures has moved me more than anything else. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may yet be those who, loving me, will love my dog because it has been mine. Alas! I feel my dogs' feet on my knees; I hear them whining and seeking me. What would they do if they knew how things may be?"



GENERAL GRANT'S BODY UNDER GUARD OF WHEELER POST, G. A. R.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST MESSAGE.

For many weeks before General **Grant**'s death speech had become so difficult and painful to him that writing was his usual means of communication with those about him. For many days it was his only means of communication. The last of the many messages delivered in this way was written on the morning of Wednesday, July 22, the day before his death. The incident is thus described by the special correspondent at Mount McGregor of the New York *Evening Post*:

"It was nearly four o'clock when the physician laid aside his appliances. General **Grant** leaned forward in his chair and signified a wish that a lamp should be brought. The nurse fetched a lamp and held it at the sick man's shoulder, and at that moment the General turned his face toward the light and upward to bid the nurse bring his pad and pencil. His wish was not at the moment understood, and turning a trifle further, the General repeated his wish. The scene at the moment was a picture in shadows. As the flickering candle rays fell across the face of General **Grant** it became a grim Rembrandt, with strong, rugged lines broken down by suffering and pain. On his head was the skull-cap that at all times lends a startling effect to the sick man's appearance. A crimson scarf had been thrown over the back of the General's chair, but as he leaned forward it drew across his shoulder, one end being gathered under his arm. He wore a dark dressing-gown. The gray of the close-cut beard seemed white, and the lines of the cheeks and forehead were deep. The General's face as he spoke appeared strained and drawn, but its color and fullness were not such as would be expected after so much suffering and care. The lips moved heavily, and the whisper was husky and low, but the nurse understood, and the pad and pencil were brought.

"He wrote only briefly. The slip was handed to Dr. **Douglas**, who at once turned it over to Colonel **Grant**, who stood beside his mother at the General's side. It was a private family communication, and when finished the sick man resumed his half-reclining position, with head slightly inclined and elbows on the side of the chair, while the fingers of either hand were interlocked each with the other beneath his chin."

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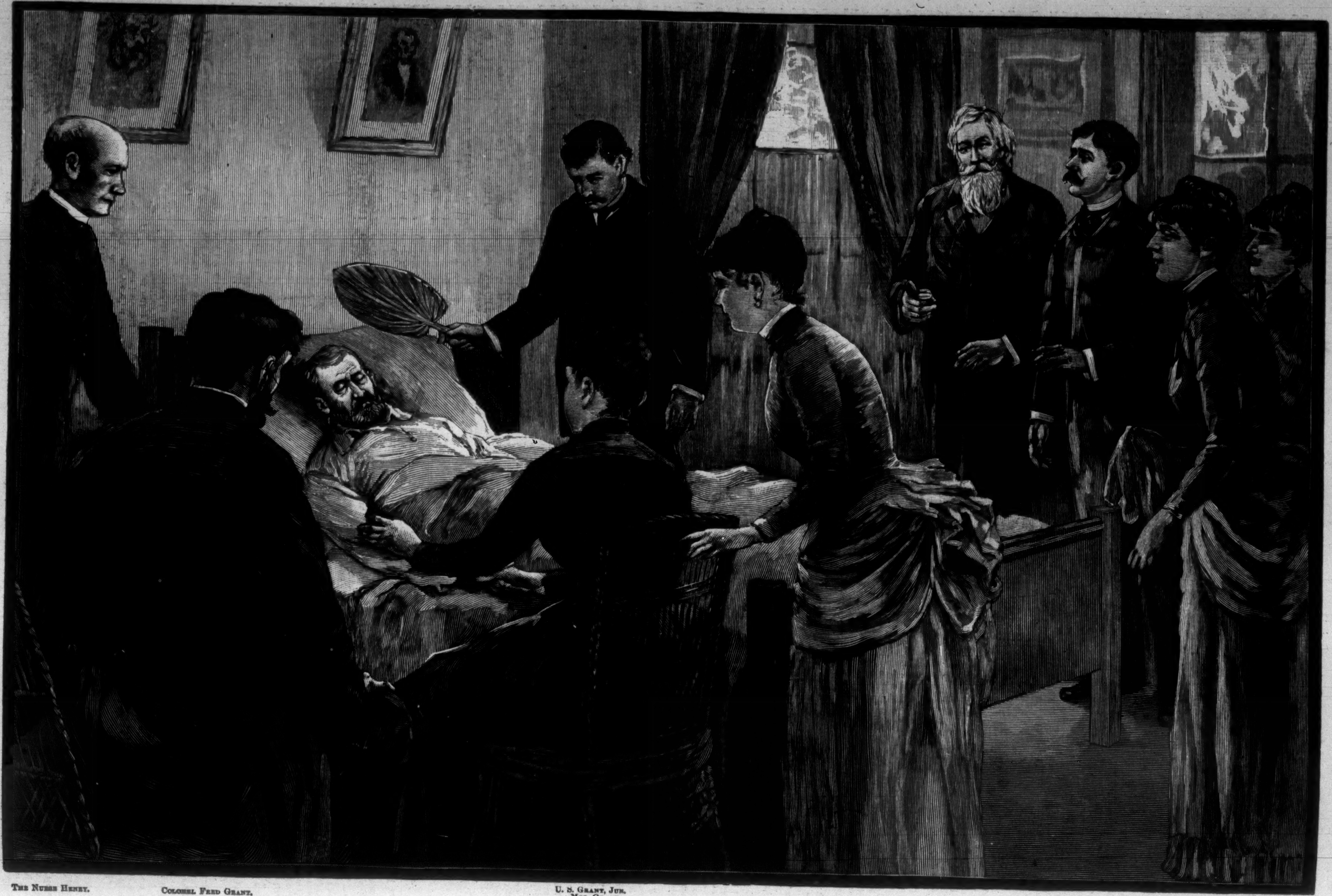

The Nurse Henry. Colonel Fred Grant. U. S. Grant, Jun. Mrs. Grant. Mrs. Sartoris (Nellie Grant). Dr. Douglas. Jesse R. Grant.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

HER LETTERS.

Needless was your command
  To burn your letters:
Nor woman's heart, nor hand,
  Hold I in fetters.

Be your weak vows forgot:
  My vow is stronger.
No; since you trust me not,
  You love no longer.

Go, lightly, as ye came;
  Perish, each letter!
Why not, since in the flame
  I read them better?

July 13, 1885. R. H. Stoddard.

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

Author of "La Fortunina," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

For many weeks Phœbe lay at the point of death.

Jack Foster had been quite right when he had said that it was dangerous to sit upon the marsh with the mists falling so thick and fast.

Phœbe had taken the fever.

She must have taken it very badly, the country folk said, to be ill so long and so cruelly—and she such a strong, hardy woman too.

Of course it was very imprudent of her to have gone out on such a wild night after her husband, as the mate Peter's wife had said that she had done.

Very imprudent and very silly.

A woman's first duty was to her child. The neighbors forgot that they had been used to find fault because they said that Phœbe's first duty *had* been given to her child.

But imprudent as it was, the neighbors could not quite make out how it should have happened that a body should have taken the fever on such a stormy night, and taken it so badly as to lie weeks abed.

Wind and rain do not give fever while folk are walking, and nobody would have taken a seat upon the marsh on such a night as that had been.

The neighbors, who were wont to make one topic of conversation last them a long time, used to keep harping upon the matter to Paul whenever he came up to the "Three Ravens" for his glass and his bit of ease.

Paul used to look very sad in those days, what with minding the boy at such times as the mother-in-law could not spare time to come down from the village, and more still, what with anxiety about the wife whom he so worshipped.

But he never would speak about it much.

Paul was not of a secretive nature, but somehow he didn't want folk to know that his wife had been out that wild night and had been beaten and bruised by a couple of smugglers.

Perhaps he did not even tell the villagers that there had been any smugglers about.

What was the use of it, since he had not caught them?

There was no one to speak of the matter. Phœbe was ill, and even if Peter the mate had been there to tell the tale, *he* had never believed in the nearness of the enemy.

But he was not there to tell the tale, for not a week after the adventure he had been found dead drunk in the lane behind the inn, and had speedily been packed about his business; Paul had had no mercy, for it had not been the first time.

There was no one who could have revealed anything excepting one man, and he was not very likely to tell tales against himself.

For that one man was Jack Foster.

Yes, he also had afforded most prolific subject of conversation at the village inn — how he had come back, why he had come back, when he had come back; and last, not least, why Mr. Paul Crew was working so hard to try and get him named to the subordinate post at the station left vacant by Peter's dismissal.

Paul did not say why it was.

When he was asked if he thought the lad would get the place, he said that he was afraid not: there were so many who had claims, and Jack Foster had no claims. The only chance was that his—Paul Crew's—representation might be valued a bit for former services rendered.

But he did not say why he wanted Foster to get the place.

No one knew that but himself and Phœbe. Not even Foster had any idea of what Paul was trying for. But Phœbe knew it, and she knew why.

When she had felt that grasp upon her wrist as she had been borne across the dike in the mist on that terrible night, when she had found herself face to face with her husband, and Jack Foster—a smuggler—standing there by her side at his mercy, she had cried out to the man who had never refused her anything, for pardon for the man who had been her girlhood's friend, and she had won it.

Paul had never refused her anything, and he could not refuse her that. And yet it had cost him a pang—a very bitter pang.

It was not only that he was obliged to let the one man off—he had been forced to allow the whole gang to escape him. Foster would give no clew.

Of course not. How could a man betray his comrades? Paul would have been the last to countenance it.

Nevertheless his triumph had escaped him; the smugglers were far away before he was able to pursue them afresh, and it was a bitter pang.

But how could he have done otherwise? How could he have delivered up to justice the man who had saved his wife's life?

It was impossible.

When Phœbe had told him the whole tale, he felt that it was impossible.

And yet he knew that he was even doing a wicked wrong—defrauding the law of the land of a legitimate victim, letting a man who was practically a thief go unpunished.

He knew all that, and yet he did it. The man had saved Phœbe's life. Phœbe had begged him to do it, and he had done it. He could not help it.

Sometimes what he had done seemed so vile to him that he would meditate throwing up his appointment rather than remain in a post which he felt himself so unworthy to fill.

And then again he would tell himself that he was really doing a good work.

The fellow was not a bad fellow. He had taken to the trade just as a stop-gap because he had been unfortunate and had fallen low. He was not a ruffian by nature, nor a man without principle.

He could be reclaimed. Paul felt that if he could keep him under his own eye and give him work to do, he could be reclaimed.

Would not that be a better and finer piece of work than giving him up for having been associated with what was punishable by law?

That was why he was working so hard to get him into Peter's berth. He was a better man than Peter anyhow—Paul could conscientiously say so. He was bold and brave and hardy and clever, and he did not drink.

The more he saw of him, the more Paul felt there were the makings of a fine fellow in him—the more he wished that it had not been against his conscience to help him as he had done. But all the same it was against his conscience, and the doing of it had brought a shadow into Paul's life that had never been there before.

The clear waters were just a little troubled.

But Phœbe lay ill, and was not that enough to account for any trouble upon the brow that had been wont to be so clear and sunny?

Phœbe lay ill all through the March winds that blew so bleak over the plain of the marsh-land.

It was not till the heart of April began to bring the blackthorn and the fruit trees into blossom that she revived. But with the growing spring her strength grew too, and it was not long before the smile came back to Paul's face with the first day that he brought her out once more within sight of the sea.

She was sitting on a ledge of wall that looked out across the dike to the wide ocean, and to the distant light-house on the point beyond.

The child was on her lap.

Paul stood beside her, and on the other side, leaning over the wall, was Jack Foster.

It was morning.

The sun glittered on the sea, and upon the brown marsh where the first burst of growing things made streaks and patches of green, and the clouds that flecked and adorned the sky were soft with the softness of spring air.

The sun was on Paul's face too.

The good smile that was wont so quickly to come at will was on it now as he looked at the pretty flush upon his wife's clear dark cheek, and at the brightness that had returned to her deep dark eyes.

He was happy.

Even the little sting of regret at what he had done for Foster was ceasing to vex him.

He was sure that he had done well.

The more he saw of the lad, the more his confidence grew, the less he minded the move that he had made. He was only more than ever anxious to secure him the post that would be the making of him, and looked eagerly every day for news from head-quarters.

Jack Foster was speaking, as he leaned there over the wall and played with the child on Phœbe's lap.

Paul had asked him something of himself, and he was telling his tale.

"Oh, I was a rare young ragamuffin," he was saying, pulling the boy's ear, "worse than this chap of yours will ever be, though he *is* such a young Turk. You see, I had no mother to keep me straight, nor no father either. He was drowned at sea, and mother—well, mother died of drink, and that's the truth. I've been a poor sort of chap, but I'm glad I never took to drink, anyways. Oh, usen't I to lead my poor old grandmother a life! I was up to anything—short of stealing. I never stole anything, and I always played fair—*in* a fight or out of it. But I did lead her a life. Sometimes I'd be out all night in the dikes here, she not knowing what had become of me. It was cruel. But I didn't love grandmother. It's wicked to say so, isn't it? But I didn't, and that's flat. She was a mean old woman, and she didn't play fair with me. But I led her a life, I did. She must have been glad enough when I ran away at last."

"Ran away? How did you come to do that?" asked Paul.

"Didn't you never hear anything of it?" asked Foster. "Why, I should have thought the neighbors would have told you," added he, looking quickly at Phœbe, who sat with her eyes turned away. "We didn't live in this village, grandmother and me, but ours wasn't five miles off, and I used often to be around. I wasn't in the neighbors' good books. I used to lead their boys and girls into mischief, so they said."

"And I'll be bound you did," laughed Paul. "But what of that? Mischief doesn't always mean out-and-out badness. Anyhow, the neighbors have forgotten all about it, for never a one has mentioned you to me."

"I'm glad of it," laughed Jack Foster.

He had a soft, musical laugh, and showed a fine row of white teeth in his dark face when he laughed.

He glanced at Phœbe as he laughed, but she still sat with her eyes cast down.

"No," continued Paul, "I know nothing. I suppose the wife knew, since you and she were acquainted as lad and lassie, but the wife never tells tales out of school, bless her!" added he, with a tender look at her.

"I knew nothing about it," said Phœbe, speaking for the first time. "I only knew that folk said he had gone to sea."

"Ay, I *ran away* to sea," answered the young man. "That was where I ran to. I couldn't stand it any more. I had a rough time of it, but I was better off than I was with grandmother. I got no more cuffs, and I had something to do. If I did my duty I got no more cuffs than every fellow had best learn to put up with, and I fell on my feet. I met in with a captain below at the sea-port yonder who took me aboard for old times' sake, because he had known my father. He was a fine fellow, was my father. Maybe if he had lived I should have been a better sort."

"Poor lad!" murmured Paul.

But Phœbe was still silent, holding the boy close to her, for he had almost fallen asleep in her lap.

"Mother used to know a man of the name of Foster," continued Paul, presently, in a ruminating kind of voice. "She used to say he was the kindest fellow she had ever known. She was a widow, was mother. And one day when she was in rare trouble he lent her some money. He had no call to lend her money, for she scarcely knew him; but she thought he was a good sort, and she didn't mind asking him. I don't think she ever forgot it. *He* had a wife who wasn't all she should be. I remember how mother pitied him, and how she vowed she'd befriend *his* little lad if ever it happened that the chance should come her way. But I don't think she ever saw the man again. He went away, and she lost sight of him. I don't believe she ever was even able to pay him all the money. She died soon after—poor mother."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, who had been listening eagerly. "Mrs. Crew! Why, of course, grandmother used to speak of her. She said father had lent her money, and she had never paid it back, and if she could she would get it out of her. She said father was always too soft, and had sworn he had never meant to get it back; he wouldn't be so mean toward a woman who was a widow. But I think father was right. And *that* Mrs. Crew was your mother?"

Paul was silent a minute, looking quite grave.

Phœbe looked at him.

"Just fancy!" she murmured.

"Yes, she must have been my mother," said Paul, after a long pause. "How was it I never thought of it before? She must have been my mother. Well, she owed your father money which she never paid back. Perhaps she would have paid it back if she had known where to find him. But let that be. *She* never did, but *I* will."

"Why, you don't know how much it was," laughed Foster. "And neither do I. Excepting that I'm sure it wasn't more than a few pounds. No, no; no need for such talk. Grandmother was the one that wanted the money, but grandmother's dead. Perhaps if she were alive and wanted for anything, I might talk different, for I've been sorry sometimes since I grew to be a man that I wasn't better to grandmother, though she was so bad to me. When I came home from my first voyage and found she was gone, I was sorry. Perhaps God Almighty punished me for it by me picking out such a bad ship next time, and getting me into the scrape that brought me so low. But anyhow she's gone now, and I can't make amends to her; and as for myself, I've gotten far better than I deserved, to be here at all."

Foster took out his pipe, and blew through it, and began filling it.

"Why, the youngster's fast asleep, missis," he said, gayly, changing his tone. "Shall I carry him in-doors for you? He's heavy, and you not quite strong yet."

"No, thank you," said Phœbe; "I like him."

"That's strange," laughed Foster, and Paul laid his hand on his wife's head with his usual caress.

He kept it there a moment, as though in thought, and then he turned to the young man.

"Well, I won't press the money on you if you had rather not, lad," he said at last. "But it'll come to the same thing. Let alone what you did for my wife, your father's son shall never want for a home or a friend so long as I'm above-ground. I'm not much at words, and that's all I've got to say. But there it is."

"You're the best fellow alive, and no mistake," cried Foster, seizing Paul by the hand, and shaking it eagerly.

Paul returned the shake, but even while he returned it with all the depth of feeling which characterizes the rare affection of one man for another, he did not forget to note the tender little pressure of a soft hand upon his arm, and the resting of a loving head against him.

The child stirred with the motion, and sat up.

There were two bright red patches on his cheeks, and his pretty curls were ruffled.

"I want my dinner," said he, vehemently rubbing his big brown eyes until he had rubbed the eyelashes well into them, and had to rub again to rub them out. "I'm very hungry."

"Are you, Johnnie?" said his mother, hugging him. "But it's not dinner-time yet."

"Yes, it is," answered Johnnie. "It's always dinner-time when I'm hungry."

Phœbe laughed.

"Ah, they've spoiled you while I've been ill," she said. "Now who is it who has done it?"

"Not I," answered Paul, toward whom she had looked. "No, indeed; I haven't had time. It's that fellow there. He's been a regular nurse to the child. I never saw anything like it."

"I'm so fond of children," pleaded Foster, deprecatingly, "and I don't think I lead them into mischief now."

"Nay, nay," answered Paul. "You were welcome to the boy, and he is rarely fond of you; ain't you, Johnnie?"

"Yes," said Johnnie; "I like him, I do. But I want my dinner. He can come too. He always has dinner with me."

Paul laughed, delighted with the boy's shrewdness, but Foster winced.

It was true enough that he had, whenever he had had any dinner at all.

His pockets had not been overfull when he left the ship, and save for a stray job here and there, he had not earned much since his return, and had not often had pence enough in his pouch to pay for a meal at the "Three Ravens."

"Come along, wife, and see what there is to peck for us all," said the master. And as she jumped down and came toward the house, he patted her on the shoulder, and said, "Ah, we shall be all right now that the mistress is among us again, Foster. You see if we aren't."

Phœbe smiled up at her husband, but Foster knocked the ashes out of his pipe almost petulantly, as he said:

"Ay, I'm sure you will, Mr. Crew; but I can't come to-day to see, for I've a job elsewhere."

"A job, man? What nonsense!" expostulated Paul. "I know very well you've nothing better to do than to eat a bit of dinner with me and the wife and the little chap. Come, now; the boy said you were to have your dinner with him, and you're not going to disappoint us this very day when we've agreed to be friends indeed?"

There was a pause.

"Do come in, Mr. Foster," said Phœbe, softly.

A smile broke over the young man's face where the cloud had been.

"Thank you," he said. "Well, then, I *will* come in."

And they all went into the house together.

CHAPTER IX.

The order for Jack Foster's nomination to the post at Rockhead had come a month ago. He had guessed not a jot of the matter until Paul had put the letter into his hand himself. Then he had been, to use his own phrase, "bowled right over." He had not had a word to say. He had only been able silently to shake his friend by the hand over and over again without another sign.

But Paul had understood what he had meant to say just as well as if he had spoken. In fact, perhaps, rather better. Such is the nature of men.

It was on a bright May morning, when the hawthorn stood white against the blueness of the sky and fair against the brownness of the marsh, that that famous letter had arrived.

Paul had begun to give up hopes of it himself; but still he would not consent to help Foster to any other permanent employment, even though by his refusal he was laying himself open to misconstruction on the young man's part.

The very night before the letter had arrived Foster had come up to tell them that, as he could get nothing to do on land, he found himself forced to try and return to his former career.

He had been into town that day—into the sea-port town that lay not more than ten or twelve miles from Rockhead along the coast—and had seen a captain of a merchant vessel with whom he thought he should take service.

It was an Italian vessel—not a very good crew; but then his references were not good, for he had been too proud to mention Paul Crew, and he could expect nothing better.

Foster had been a little bitter that night, and Phœbe had sat silent and sorrowful, and Paul had been vexed. But it had all come right.

On the very morrow of that somewhat gloomy evening, Phœbe, fresh and strong and lithe as of old, had been rolling out the paste for the Sunday pie at her kitchen table, when, glancing up to watch Johnnie at play in the garden, she had seen, afar off, beyond the marsh and the dike, the old postman coming slowly down the steep road between the hawthorn hedges that led to the village on the hill.

Phœbe worked with the cottage door open, although the weather was not yet warm, and there was a true May sting in the breeze that ruffled the wind-dwarfed trees on the hill's crest.

She worked with the door open to watch the child, and she could soon see very well that the postman was coming toward their block of houses.

Who could the letter be for if not for them?

She had hurried out and had called Paul from the back garden, and together they had waited, while the child had run out to meet his old friend.

And when Foster had come up presently to tell them that he was going over to conclude matters with the foreign captain, Paul had been able to laugh at him, with the good news in his pocket.

It was Paul, after all, who had been the most glad, or at all events who had shown his gladness the most.

Phœbe had only kissed her husband silently and tenderly, and Foster—as aforesaid—had spoken never a word.

But Paul had felt quite sure that he had felt it none the less, and now that Jack was happily installed in the little cottage that had belonged to Peter and his wife, he was as proud and as contented as if he had won a prize for himself.

So he had, he said, in this new friend and companion.

Paul and his mate got on better than ever master and man got on before.

Foster's bold, eager, sensitive, and impressionable temperament contrasted and suited admirably with Paul's equable and temperate nature, that always saw the silver lining to every cloud, and gloried in the sunshine of the world.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1490.

They worked and rested and talked and kept silence together, with Phœbe waiting equally upon the wants of one and of the other, always ready with her smile—even out of the strange dreaminess that had grown so upon her of late—and they were so happy, those four, as it were in one household, that Paul used to vow he should break his heart when the day came, as it must come soon, when Jack would take to himself a wife.

Jack was generally silent when this proposition was made, but Paul used to say that of course he knew it must come.

A handsome fellow like Foster would be sure to captivate all the girls, and now that he had a comfortable little berth to stow a wife into, it would be natural enough he should look round to see what wife he could best find to put there.

It was June.

The summer had burst suddenly into leaf, and it bade fair to be the warmest, fairest June that had been seen for many a long day.

Foster had been out with the boy ever since noon, and now it was close upon sunset.

There was not much doing at the coast station this fine weather—not much doing at any time, in fact; not nearly enough to please Paul, nor to please Foster either.

The berths were comfortable berths, but they certainly were not busy ones: that was the pity of it.

And Foster often used his spare time in taking charge of Phœbe's boy.

There never was such a strange companionship seen as this close intimacy between the man and the child.

The boy was never so happy as when he was with Jack, and Jack always came back laughing and radiant from a long day's excursion with Phœbe's beautiful little son.

"I wonder how it is Mr. Foster is so fond of you, Johnnie," Phœbe had said to him one night when he came back to his supper beside his father, after a ramble on the sands that had cost him his last pair of shoes and socks for a week. "You're not such a very good little boy, are you?"

Johnnie looked up with his great dark eyes, and his lips parted in a merry laugh that showed all his pretty white teeth. "No, I ain't a very good boy," he said. "I tear my clothes, and I mess my shoes and socks. But Jack says he doesn't like boys too good, for he was never good. He says *he* was never obedient; but he says I *am* to be obedient to you, mother, because you'll always tell me right. Oh, he thinks a deal of you, mother. He says that I've got your eyes, and that I'm the very image of you, and he says that I couldn't do better."

Phœbe was silent, and turned quickly to the fire to lift off the saucepan that was boiling.

But Paul patted the boy's curly head fondly as he said, "Nay, that's true, my little lad; you never could do better."

"I wonder what being the image of anybody is?" asked the child, stopping with his spoon poised in his hand after two huge mouthfuls of porridge, and looking out into the garden with the dreamy gaze that scarcely seemed to belong to his happy child nature. But before any one had had time to answer he was off again at a tangent, talking merrily about the ship that Jack was making for him, which would sail right across to France when once they got the sails properly rigged, and would be the envy of every boy in the kingdom. Paul had smiled across at his wife, and she back again at him, to hear the pretty prattle.

The child was an idol to them both; in fact, such an idol was he to his mother that Paul used often to tax her with jealousy at this new friendship between Foster and Johnnie, and even made her blush with the reproaches that he good-humoredly made to her upon the subject.

But to-day even Paul thought that Foster had kept the child out too long.

"You'd best step down to the shore, mother, and see what those youngsters are up to," he said. "I'm due up at the village or I'd go myself."

"Oh, I can go," said Phœbe. "They're shrimping, I suppose. It's a rare evening for shrimping, and Johnnie is so fond of it."

"I'm not so sure it's good for the little chap to be shrimping, mother," answered the father; "he is but a little chap yet, and Foster is that adventurous! Why, he'd take him out by torch-light next, I shouldn't wonder. You go and see; and if they've been up to too much mischief, you just say you'll have to go and look after them yourself another time."

"All right," answered Phœbe, turning down her sleeves.

She fetched her bonnet off the hook, and went to the glass to put it on, so that Paul did not see her face.

"Why, you don't want a bonnet, little wife, to step down yonder," he said. "You're not going to get so proper particular as that, and you a sea-bred maid! *Your* complexion won't hurt."

Phœbe laughed. "No, I'm not afraid of that," she said; and she threw off her bonnet again as she spoke, and left her pretty soft brown curly hair uncovered. "You won't be late for supper, will you, Paul?" she said at the door before she went out. "I've got something you like, and I don't want it spoiled."

"No, sweetheart," answered he, "I'll not be late. And mind you, bring Jack home too."

"Very well," said she.

Paul followed her out to the gate, and watched her go down toward the beach, her thin print skirt waving, and showing the free gait of the limbs beneath; then he turned toward the hill, whistling happily as he went.

There was no sign of the truants when Phœbe reached the canal, and she walked along its bank the very way that she had travelled on that perilous night, until she came to the new bridge that had been put up in place of the one that had so nearly brought her to her death. She crossed it, and ran down on to the sands on the other side.

The tide was low. The low rocks, covered with their green sea-weed, stood out of the clear water that was dark and full close about them with the reflection of their blackness, but beyond, as far as the eye could see, lay pale and fair and calm, from the shore away to the horizon. The smoke of a steamer crossing in the far distance was so white in the white haze of heat that it looked like a cloud hanging betwixt sea and sky.

Phœbe shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked along the glittering stretch of yellow sand to right and to left of her. There was nobody. The little waves rippled daintily up on to the sands, and the beach lay smiling and peaceful and silent before her as far as she could see. And to her left, where the beach hemmed the border of the marsh, she could see a long way, right down to where a light-house stood on the point of a flat promontory miles away. To her right the great white cliff rose suddenly and towered above her head, so that beyond the corner of its massive frontal she could see no more; but Foster would scarcely have taken the child beyond that point, for the rocks extended for a mile or more at the base of the cliffs, and left scarcely a strip of shingle to walk upon even at low tide, while at high water the path beyond the bridge became almost dangerous.

Phœbe turned her back to the sea and looked up toward the steep stone pathway that formed a natural staircase up the face of the cliff, and again toward the bank of gray granite, with its growth of stunted trees and shrubs, that formed that part of the rising land that sloped down into the marsh.

Foster and the child were nowhere to be seen.

She sat down on a little bowlder of rock which the tide had left dry upon the sand and waited.

The shadows began to lengthen, and the lights to grow restful and rosy with the reflections from the sunset, and still they did not come.

Phœbe's heart beat, half with anxiety and half with anger. It was cruel of Foster to keep the boy so late.

She rose again and walked to the edge of the point, whence she could see toward the town beyond the corner of the cliff.

There they were at last; Foster, with the child upon his back, trudging along across the wet sands, with the evening sunshine upon him, shining upon the boy's golden curls and bare brown legs.

Phœbe stepped down on to the sand, and stood there waiting for them with her skirts picked up upon her arm. She saw that Foster carried his shrimping pole and his net. Her surmise had been correct.

"Mother's angry," said the boy, as they came near. "See."

Foster did not answer. He strode straight up to her, and put the child down at her feet.

"Have I kept him too long?" he said then.

"His father was anxious," she replied. "He sent me down here to see."

"I'm sorry," said Foster. "But you ought to trust me."

"I do—I do trust you," cried Phœbe, hastily lifting her great eyes to his.

He looked into them a moment; then he turned away.

"It's a beautiful evening," he said, trying to turn the talk.

"Oh yes, mother," cried the boy; "and we have had rare fun. See all we've caught!"

He opened the bag and displayed the treasures of shrimps.

"You *will* let me go shrimping with Jack again? Oh, do!"

"You must ask father," said Phœbe.

"Oh, father will let me go, I'm sure," answered the child.

"Father said to-day if you staid out so long I'd have to go with you another time," said the young mother, almost beneath her breath.

Foster turned round. "Did he?" he said, trying to look into her eyes again.

But she turned toward the boy, patting his head as he cried, "Oh, that 'll be rare fun! Won't *you* look funny, wading in the water!"

"Well, then you *must* come next time," added the young man. "When you can spare time we must make a long day of it."

"Come," answered Phœbe; "we must go home as fast as we can. I've the supper to finish cooking, and Paul will be coming in."

She turned and took the child by the hand, and began to walk as fast as she could toward the bridge.

Foster followed, shouldering his shrimping pole and net.

"I want my supper dreadful bad," cried the boy. "Don't you, Jack? and don't you hope it 'll be something good?"

"My supper isn't likely to be anything very good, Johnnie," laughed the young man. "I haven't a mother to cook it for me."

"Oh, she cooks it for you just as much," cried the child. "When you're coming she puts bay leaf into the soup, and butter with the 'taties."

"Now come, you youngster, you hold your row, and get up on to my back again, or we shall never get home," cried Foster, half angrily.

"Nonsense, Johnnie, you can walk well enough," answered Phœbe, in a tone that made the boy open his eyes. "Come, father is waiting, and he'll be cross."

Father was waiting, but he was not cross.

There was just a little cloud upon his brow—the tiniest little cloud; but it was a cloud of uneasiness and not of anger, and it fled as he saw the trio come up the path.

"Why, mother, I thought you were all lost," he said, in his loud, jolly voice. "You scapegrace, you! The mother will have to go and look after you next time, and no mistake," he added, glancing at Foster with a wink. "You're not fit to be trusted. But come, I want my supper, and I don't doubt so do you. The mother swore she had got something very particular for us, Jack. I hope it won't be spoiled. What! hasn't she bidden you to sup with us?" cried he, as Foster stopped outside the door. "Well, there, you don't want bidding at this time o' day. Come along."

And so Jack went in without a word, as he had always done of late whenever Paul took it for granted that he would.

Paul used to say that pride between friends was foolish, and Foster seemed to have come round to his opinion since the day when Johnnie had pressed him to dine with him and he had been offended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN OPERA.

THE American school of opera and the series of operas which it is now definitely ascertained will be performed in the New York Academy of Music next season are the two important forerunners of a much more extended scheme. The ultimate result, it is hoped, will be a national conservatory, of which the school of opera will be but one branch, and of which the opera will be its most complete exponent. By opera, however, is not meant the hearing of this or that singer—there will be no attempt to create stars—but the presentation of an *ensemble* as nearly perfect as it is in the power of the projectors to produce. The aim is to do, in short, for opera that which Mr. Theodore Thomas has done for orchestral music. To secure such a result, whatever is best in German, Italian, or French schools will be used. But it is not an idle hope of those that are most interested that in time out of this will arise something distinctive, and which will give the term, American school of opera, a definite meaning.

The first necessary step has been the formation of a permanent orchestra by Mr. Theodore Thomas. This is distinguished from the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, although largely composed of the same members, by the fact that they are engaged by the year, and will play only under Mr. Thomas. To this end the contemplated series of popular concerts and other permanent engagements have greatly contributed. On the great gain to music in general in this respect alone we need not dwell.

At present, of the two prominent movements, the preparations for the season of opera are most advanced. There will be a season with forty performances at the Academy of Music, beginning January 4. The distinctive feature of these performances primarily lies in the fact that the entire body of singers will be composed of Americans by birth. The roll of principals is not yet determined; but it is not amiss to state that Mr. William Candidus, so long the leading tenor in the Imperial Opera at Vienna that we have almost forgotten that he is an American, will be the leading tenor in the new company. Miss Emma Juch, who will be one of the soprani, was born of naturalized parents in Vienna; but this fact she happily atoned for by being born on the Fourth of July.

The chorus will be an important part of the new company, and the most radical innovation in the whole scheme. The inducements offered in the chances of promotion, the taking of minor parts, study of a high order, and especially of salary sufficient to enable the members to live respectably, will be sufficient to fill its ranks with intelligent young men and women of talent. It is hoped thus to form a chorus of fresh, strong voices, and of such *morale* that no American girl will hesitate to enter it. This chorus will number at least one hundred voices, and will be selected from every part of the country. Five hundred applications have been received. The various local chorus masters who have assisted Mr. Thomas in the festivals held throughout the country, and in whose discretion he has confidence, are overlooking the great area from which the chorus is to be drawn. But this city is the future field of applicants. Yet so carefully are the selections made that thus far only twenty-two names are actually enrolled.

On September 1 specific training for the operas to be brought out will begin. The entire company will number two hundred and fifty persons, and will be under the immediate supervision of Mr. Theodore Thomas and Mr. Charles E. Locke, the manager of the new company. The dramatic training of the chorus will be superintended by Herr William Hoch, who had charge of the chorus of the German opera last season, and it will be remembered that he did his work effectively. With him will be associated Mr. Gustave Hinrichs, of San Francisco, a most admirable disciplinarian, and a man thoroughly conversant with the work in hand.

At the same date will be begun the training of the ballet. It will not be surprising that out of the sixty persons of the *corps de ballet* some importations are necessary, since the genius of this country has not heretofore turned in that direction. The training of the ballet has been confided to M. Mamert Bibeyron, the *maître de ballet* of the theatre of Bordeaux. It is the intention of the management when the date of January 4 arrives to have fully prepared ten operas. These have not been fully determined, but the intention is to present a programme that is not only worthy, but novel.

The scenic preparations are also to be confined to this country as nearly as possible. The costumes will all be made here, and the metal-work trimmings as far as possible. The scenery for the most part will be painted here, but some pieces will inevitably have to be brought from abroad.

The redecoration of the Academy of Music has been undertaken by the stockholders. Several plans are under consideration, but none has yet been accepted definitely.

This sketch of the plan inevitably omits many details, and many as yet remain undetermined. After the season of opera here, short seasons will be probably given in the larger cities. At best, it is regarded as but preliminary to the more permanent work, the formation of the school out of which in future the opera is to be recruited. The school itself is an enterprise of such magnitude that the adjustment of its details is a work of time and consideration, and the opera company just forming proceeds independently of the arrangements for the school, although in future the two are to bear such near relations.

The work of incorporation is not yet finished. Among the persons prominently interested are Mrs. Francis B. Thurber, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mayor Grace, Mr. Joseph Drexel, Mr. Henry Marquand, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Jesse Seligman, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Henry S. Higginson of Boston, Mr. Howard S. Hinkle of Cincinnati, Mr. N. K. Fairbanks of Chicago, Mr. Leopold Mathudy of St. Louis, and several gentlemen from both New Orleans and San Francisco, whose names have not yet been transmitted.

The formal organization will not take place until September, when the announcement of the opening of the school will be made. Mrs. Francis B. Thurber, who is actively interesting herself in the matter, and with whom the project originated, has received assurances from Madame Fursch-Madi that she will accept the leading position in the Faculty.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

NOT much has been done with mud-turtles in all these years except to cut such dates on their backs as to make it appear to the next finder that the turtles are fifty or one hundred years old. At last, however, a young man in Colorado has made a fiddle out of one. A mud-turtle fiddle with 1812 or 1776 cut in its back ought to recommend itself as a curiosity, whatever its merit as a musical instrument purely.

A newspaper writer regards it as a curious fact that 75,000 houses and only 3081 human lives were destroyed by the earthquake of May 13 in Cashmere, and that not one life was destroyed by a recent water-spout which swept away a number of dwellings in Pennsylvania. His idea is that one dwelling affords shelter to several persons, and that a convulsion of nature which destroys a certain number of houses ought to destroy a number of persons considerably greater: a somewhat ingenuous idea, the statement of which renders a demonstration of its fallacy unnecessary.

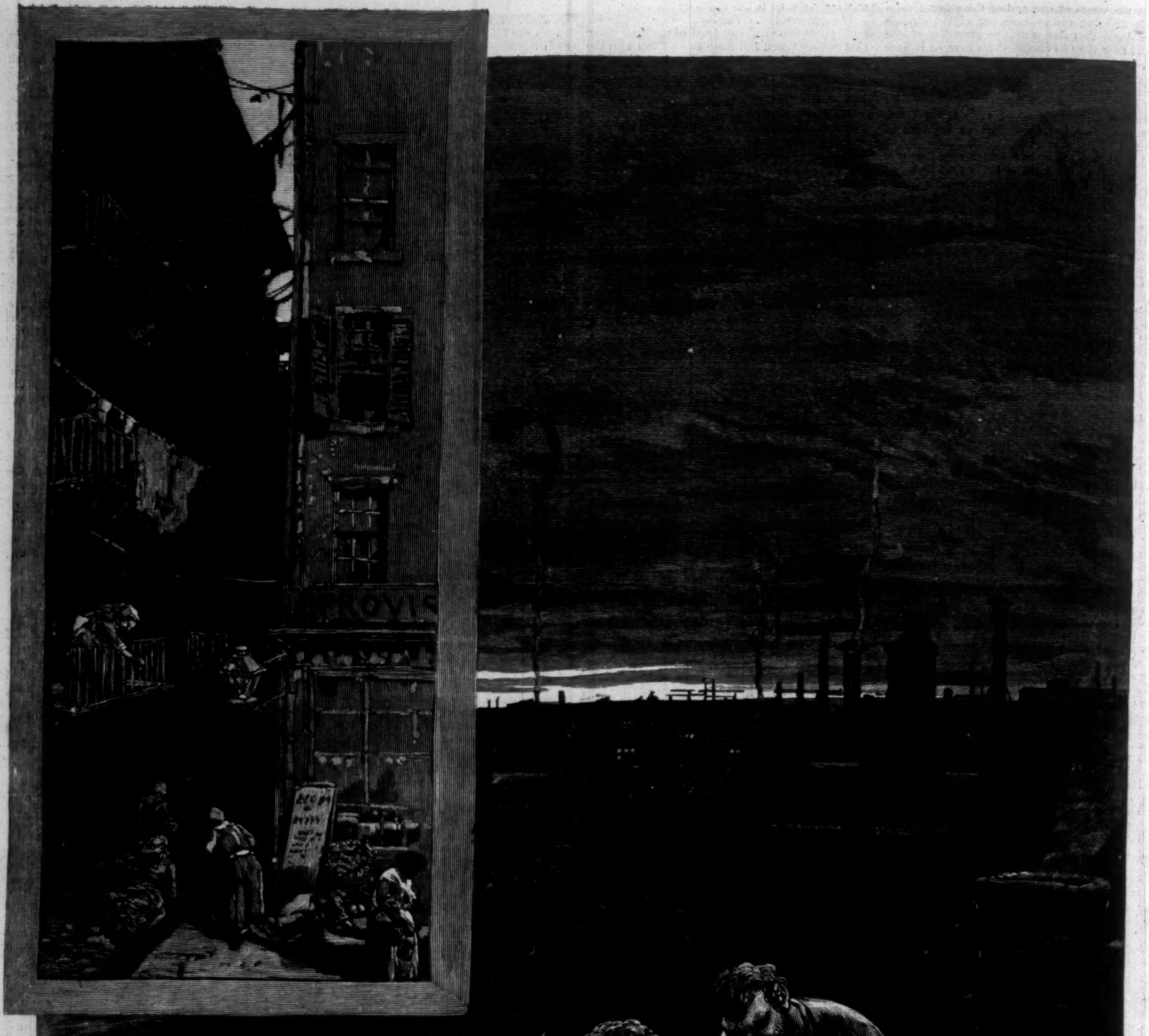
We wonder if this writer thinks that a Western tornado ought to destroy more persons than houses? If he does, he should read the Western newspapers. Then he would learn that the people of the West regard tornadoes principally as vehicles for rapid and pleasant travel. Babies ride on them safely for miles, getting off at any convenient tree, and a farmer journeying upon one of them may take his barn along just as well as not. They don't destroy anybody. They are perfectly safe, and are getting to be so frequent and regular that people doubtless will soon be commuting on them, just as is now done by every-day travellers on the steam-cars between New York and Hackensack.

London had a remarkable storm on the night of July 13. It was not such a great storm as that which visited London in 1703, the one described in Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, and which afforded to Addison, celebrating Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, the famous simile that landed the poet in the place of Commissioner of Appeals; but it was a tempest of considerable violence, accompanied by thunder and lightning and hail, and it smashed windows, tore blinds and swinging signs from their fastenings, emptied the streets of people, and flooded a multitude of cellars.

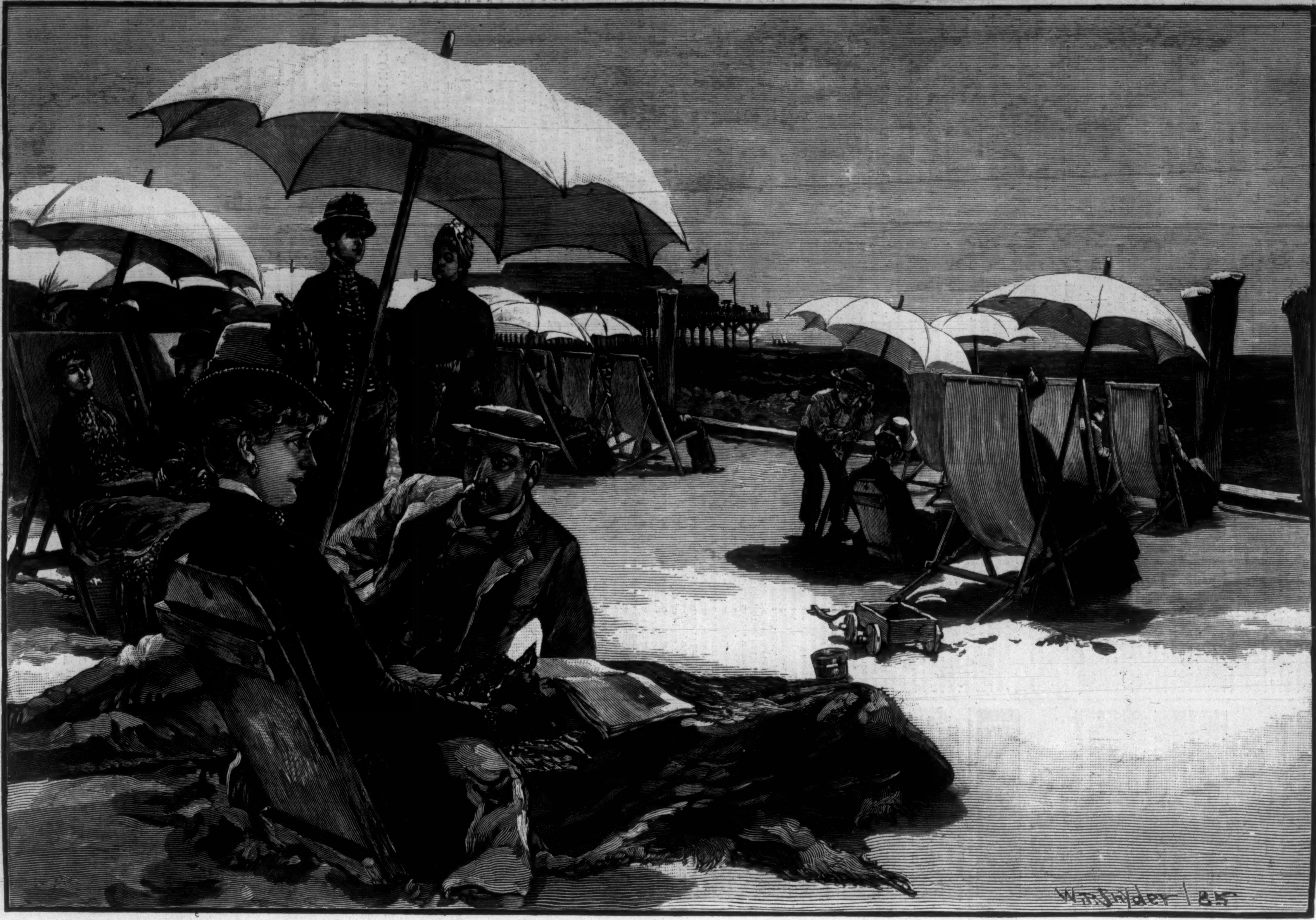
A regular business seems to have been established in the reporting of cremation societies. They are announced from the remotest States, and as having been formed among the smallest communities. If they are all facts, there must be in the United States at least one hundred cremation societies to every cremation.

A convict in Portsmouth, England, was recently visited by his wife. The visit lasted half an hour. In order to make it the woman had walked from Birmingham, the journey taking twenty-one days, and had wheeled before her the whole way a perambulator which contained her child, a cripple, eleven years of age.

In the gray of the morning, at the conclusion of the oppressive night which followed the most oppressive day of the July hot spell, a policeman was observed to seat himself upon a door-step in Second Avenue and calmly remove his shoes. When he had done that he placed his hat beside them upon the sidewalk, and gravely surveyed all three objects for several minutes. His appearance was that of a man endeavoring to decide upon some line of conduct in an important juncture. Finally he took up his shoes again, and rising, thrust one into each of his coat pockets. Then picking up his helmet, he hung it carefully upon his club, and resting his club upon his shoulder, continued on his beat, upright, with breast out, in his stocking feet. Evidently his shoes had been hurting him, and after several hours of suffering he had made up his mind to rid himself of them. His triumphant bearing after he had acted upon his decision was a natural consequence, and the hanging of his hat upon his club was but a slight ebullition of his very great feeling of relief.



ON THE ROOF OF A TENEMENT-HOUSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 491.]


W P Snyder '85

THE SAND PIER AT ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 491.]

PATIENCE.

Have patience, heart!
That were no rose that were not first a closed bud.
How comes the day? Not with the noonday sun o'erhead,
But slowly stealing up the east, in faintest red.
Have patience, heart! Wait so thine own life's dawning good.

Have patience, heart!
Seek not at morn to make the day as bright as noon.
Force not the bud, before its time, to be a rose.
How slowly, when we watch the sky, the daylight grows;
And yet, for all, indeed, the sun goes down too soon.

Have patience, heart!
For rain will come; thine own self knows how tear-drops fall.
Seek not to stay the clouds before they've spent their rain,
Or else across thy sky the clouds may come again.
Have patience, grieving heart! for good must come to all.

Have patience, heart!
What though no kisses fall upon thy tired eyes,
And love holds not its rose to thee, nor day is fair?
Mourn not; perhaps thy love needs Heaven's purer air.
Oh heart! be sure 'twill wait for thee in Paradise.

Amy E. Blanchard.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

A writer in the *Journal of Science*, treating of color-blindness, gives the following interesting examples from his own experience: A man may have a good eye for form and outline, and yet be partially or wholly color-blind. To select an instance from among many is difficult, but one impresses me more than the rest, that of Wyatt the sculptor, who at the outset of his career was known as a remarkably good draughtsman. He naturally took to painting, but, as his pictures were observed to present curious incongruities of color, that involved him in grievous difficulties, he with much reluctance was obliged to abandon the brush for the chisel. He was altogether unable to comprehend the nature of his defect; indeed, refused to believe that he was color-blind. So of men who have attained to eminence in the world of letters, and whose writings unmistakably betray evidences of a meagre color vocabulary. A striking example of this occurred in the person of my friend, the late lamented Angus B. Reach. He was unable to recognize a difference in color between the leaf, the flower, and the fruit of plants and trees. His want of perception of color was wholly unknown to and unrecognized by himself, until we sat together at the table of a Paris restaurant. He requested the waiter to bring him some ink. As it often happens under similar circumstances, the ink was brought in a wine glass. Reach became absorbed in his subject, while I, seated opposite to him, observed him alternately dipping his pen into his claret glass and into the ink glass. Presently, to my surprise, he took up the ink glass, and was about to drink, when I remonstrated, and he then said he could see no difference between the color of the ink and the wine. On subsequently testing him I discovered that he was completely color-blind.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. Clothier, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."—[*Adv.*]

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Much as we may despise Orientals for their effeminacy, we cannot refuse them our admiration for their personal cleanliness, due to an unrestricted use of soap. Soap originated in the East beyond a question, but how, when, and where, is a mystery dense as that enveloping the Egyptian pyramids, a mystery too that grows all the denser with the advancing ages. Cleanliness is an absolute necessity in warm climates; it is one of the essentials to a life worth the living. While the people inhabiting Asia Minor—the cradle of the human race—were remarkable for their cleanliness, and consequently for their beauty, they were surrounded by nations unacquainted with the uses of soap; and thus it came to pass that the Circassians, the Georgians, and the Mingrelians, famous for their fine persons, inhabited countries immediately contiguous to the ugly Kalmucks and Tartars, who, we are told by Herodotus, were not much above the ape in manners and appearance.

That soap creates beauty is beyond doubt. And just right here let us ask the question, Of what does real beauty consist? The lovely Miss Calvert of Baltimore (now Mrs. Carroll Bulmer) had her photograph taken once, but could never be prevailed upon to go through the performance again. When questioned as to the cause of his wife's antipathy to the camera, Dr. Bulmer said: "Her features are not regular, and she takes a horrid picture. Her beauty rests upon her deep liquid eyes, coral lips, rich auburn hair, and a delicious creamy complexion, the qualities precisely a camera cannot reflect. There is Miss Clinton, on the other hand, who is pock-pitted, dull of eye, and faded of hair, takes an excellent likeness, because she has a straight nose and pretty fair outline of features." Now, is it not fortunate for humanity that those qualities, in which beauty for the most part consists, are the very ones that can be cultivated; are exactly the attributes that can be acquired; while all the skill and science in the world cannot turn a *nez rétroussé* into a Roman or even a Grecian nose? And what produces all this brightness of complexion but pure red blood coursing beneath a skin rendered transparent and beautiful by the free and unobstructed action of its millions of oil-glands and pores.

The Goths and Vandals who overturned the Roman Empire, while estimable gentlemen in many respects, did not kill themselves by washing. Indeed, candor compels us to admit that our Gothic ancestors were prejudiced against soap, the manufacture of which, under their régime, became a lost art. To the Saracens we owe algebra, swords of Damascus, and scented soap. Mahomet enjoined strict cleanliness as part of his religious system, and his followers used that perfumed soap which made the ladies of the harem beautiful as the houris of the Alkoran. The renowned Saladin, among other costly presents, sent a few hundred cakes of this article to Philip Augustus of France. Philip handed them over to his queen, who in turn had them distributed on gold salvers to her favorite courtiers and maids of honor. Soap became popular after this, and it grew fashionable with court gallants to present their ladies fair with cakes of it, just as they present them with diamonds in our day.

It is a fact beyond cavil, that English women have the richest colored hair and complexion, and it is also a fact that they make the freest use of the bath and of toilet soap. Indeed, it is cause and effect. Hence, their smooth skin and unrivalled luxuriance and texture of hair, the envy of the nations. It is not necessary to be a blonde in order to have a good complexion. The Spanish ladies, so remarkable for the clearness of their olive complexions, are almost universally brunette. Cleopatra was a brunette, and yet it was her sparkling brilliancy, so to speak, captivated the great Cæsar and Marc Antony, and came very near vanquishing young Octavius Cæsar, though the fair Egyptian was double his age when he gained the battle of Actium and the empire of the world. It was believed Cleopatra preserved her beauty of cuticle through a philter given her by the sorcerer Lesbos; but it is now known that it was owing to the free use of water, aided by a peculiar soap, doubtless something akin to the Cuticura Soap of our times. In fact, the latter theory is easiest of belief, as it stands to reason. Nature has situated in the internal layer of the skin millions of little tubes or glands (especially on the face), whose duty it is to pour out upon the surface, or external layer, an oily fluid (perspiration), which renders the skin transparent, soft, flexible, and healthy. If the openings of these tubes (pores) become clogged, black-heads, pimples, and other disfigurations follow. The skin loses its flexibility, becomes rough, cracked, and scaly, or by reason of the clogging of some pores, others are rendered more active, and the skin presents a dirty, greasy appearance. Hence the remedy for muddy, greasy complexions, dotted with pimples and black-heads, as well as a preventive of the same, is soap, which, with warm water, is the natural solvent for the matter that obstructs the tubes and pores of the skin.

It would be cruel in us to excite the interest of the gentler sex in the matter of complexion if we could not offer a possible panacea without fear of undue preference. It is a fact well known to dermatologists that for several years the Cuticura Soap has been unrivalled as a skin beautifier. Not only does it contain the delicate odor and emollient and cleansing properties of the finest toilet soaps, but it goes a step further than any soap yet prepared; and, by reason of its delicate, yet effective, medical properties derived from Cuticura, is enabled to heal skin blemishes by restoring to health those diseased or inflamed vessels of the skin which cause complexional disfigurations. It is to be regretted that in their intense eagerness for a good complexion, the unthinking of the fair sex should use cosmetics and powders, which serve a temporary purpose, but, of course, tend to ruin the complexion irretrievably. The notorious Madame Rachel of London, who some years ago succeeded in fleecing female members of the British aristocracy out of thousands of pounds, had two ways of beautifying the complexion. One consisted of a paste, which hardened on the face and gave it an alabaster appearance; and another of a wash she called Jordan Water, and sold for ten guineas a bottle. The former was most in vogue because its effects were immediate. But it ultimately killed the users. The latter, on the contrary, was really good, for it penetrated the skin, purified the blood, and achieved the desired object; but the price charged for it was a perfect swindle. In the near future, however, our fair Anglo-Saxon cousins will not have a monopoly of brilliant complexions, and will have learned that this is truly the age of democracy in beauty, as well as society, art, and literature.

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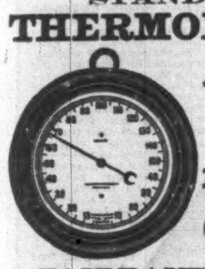

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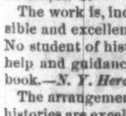

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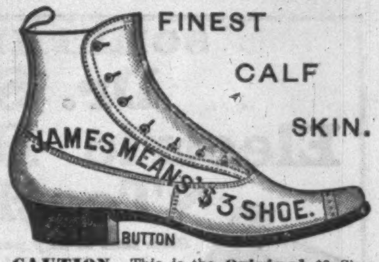

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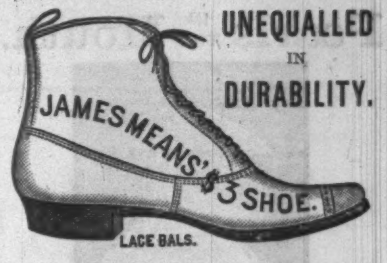

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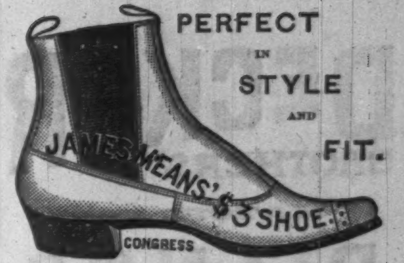

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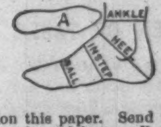

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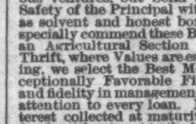

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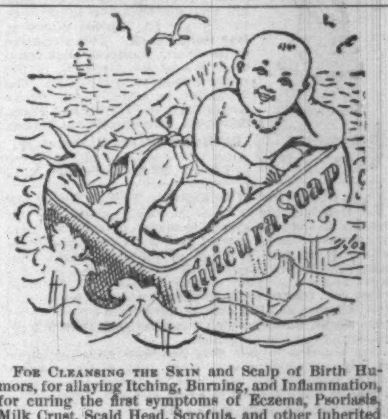

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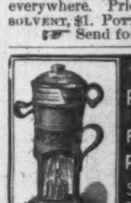

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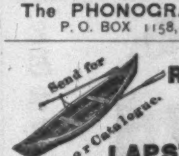

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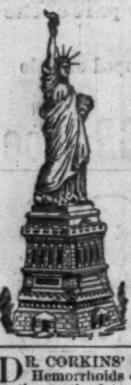

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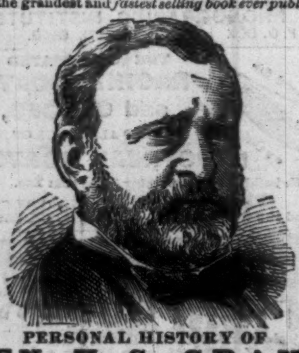
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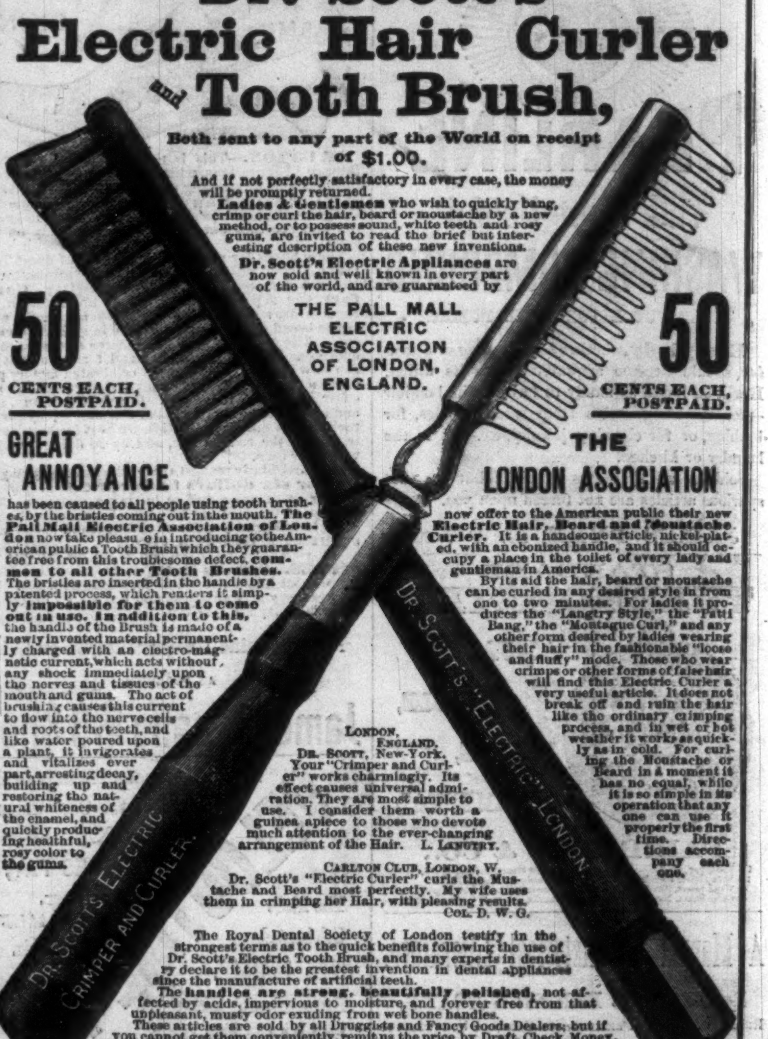
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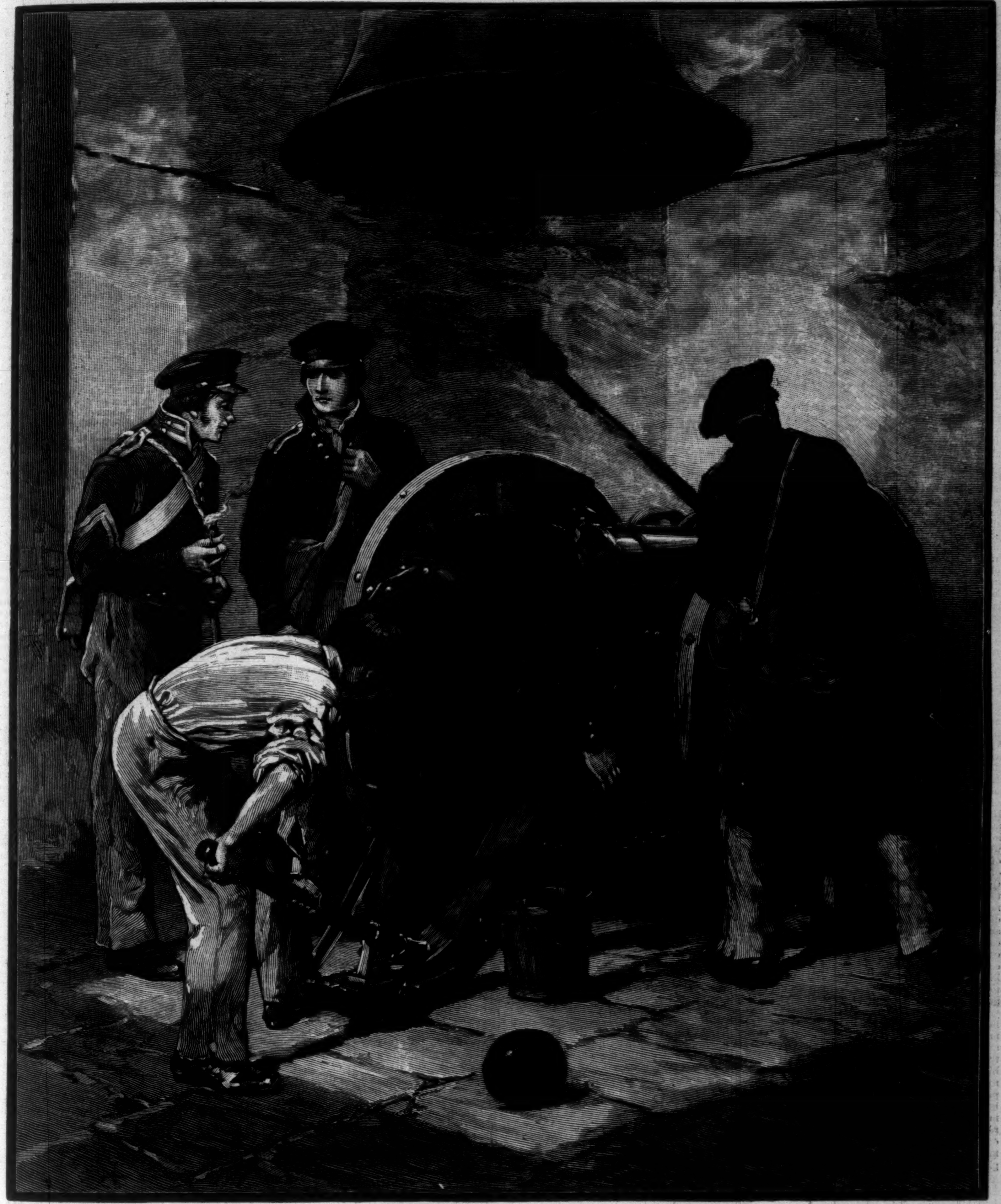


LIEUTENANT GRANT AT CHAPULTEPEC.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

I. BEFORE THE WAR.

GENERAL GRANT was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822. His family is said to be of Scottish extraction, though the ancestor who first settled in America, MATTHEW GRANT, came from England in 1630, and was one of the founders of Dorchester, Massachusetts. Six years later he was one of a company that settled the town of Windsor, Connecticut. A great-grandson of MATTHEW, NOAH GRANT, took up his residence at Tolland, and his son NOAH removed to Coventry about 1750. The last-named was the great-grandfather of the famous soldier, and served as a captain in the Crown Point Expedition of 1755. His son NOAH was a lieutenant of militia at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, and served throughout that struggle. In 1787 he removed to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, where his son, JESSE ROOT GRANT, was born in 1794. Five years later the family moved to Ohio, settling first in what is now Columbiana County, and later at Deerfield, in Portage County. JESSE's father died in 1805, and during the war of 1812 he and his mother were living in Maysville, Kentucky; but on becoming of age, in 1815, he established himself at Ravenna, Ohio, in the tanning business, whence he removed to Point Pleasant, Clermont County, in 1820. There, in the same year, he married HANNAH SIMPSON, whose family had come from Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, three years before. HIRAM ULYSSES was the oldest child. The year after his birth the family removed to Georgetown, in the adjoining county, some forty miles southeast of Cincinnati. Of his childhood little is known. There are anecdotes tending to show his imperturbable temper, his persistency, and a fondness for fire-arms and for horses; but these are not uncommon qualities among sturdy boys on the frontier. At school he showed no special aptitude or quickness, though he is said to have had a taste for mathematics. In short, there was nothing indicating special promise except in the light of subsequent achievements, and doubtless many a boy with similar characteristics has spent his life in complete obscurity. His going to the Military Academy at West Point, at the age of seventeen, was rather the result of accident than of any strong desire for such a course. The appointment was offered to his father in his behalf by the Hon. THOMAS L. HAMER, then the Representative of his District in Congress, a previous appointee having been dismissed for failure to keep up with his class. The appointment was gladly accepted, and young GRANT passed the necessary examination, and entered the Academy July 1, 1839. He had always been known by his middle name ULYSSES, and in making the nomination Mr. HAMER, not knowing of his first name, and remembering that his mother was a SIMPSON, ventured to enter his name as ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT. The young cadet tried to have it corrected at the Academy, but failed, and remained ever after as re-christened by the member of Congress.

There was nothing more remarkable in his career at West Point than in that which had preceded it at his Ohio home. As a student he is said to have been somewhat slow, but tenacious of what he had acquired; in matters of discipline and etiquette he was rather negligent, incurring many small penalties for inattention to their requirements. Of more serious offenses there is no record, and he seems always to have been rather reticent and retiring, but never sensitive or backward. On graduating, June 30, 1843, he stood No. 21 in a class of 39, with no special distinction in any branch, unless it be horsemanship. Among his classmates were WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, J. J. REYNOLDS, C. C. AUGUR, JAMES A. HARDIE, and RUFUS INGALLS, who became distinguished in the civil war, and Frederick T. Dent, who was destined to be his brother-in-law. On leaving West Point, with the title of Brevet Second Lieutenant, Grant was attached, as a supernumerary lieutenant, to the Fourth Regiment of Regular Infantry, then stationed on the frontier in Missouri for the purpose of protection from Indian raids. After some months of uneventful service here, his regiment was ordered to join General Taylor's army of occupation in Texas. While stationed at Corpus Christi he first received his commission as full Second Lieutenant, dated September 30, 1845, and was assigned to a vacancy in the Seventh Regiment; but his request to be restored to his old regiment, to which he was strongly attached, was complied with in November of that year.

Actual war furnished the first test of the qualities that were latent in the young officer, and whenever he came into action he gave distinct evidence of great military capacity, as well as remarkable coolness and a full command of his resources—characteristics which developed to a wonderful degree in his subsequent career. His first battle was that of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, and on the day following he participated in that of Resaca de la Palma. His comrades reported his conduct as cool and gallant, but it received no official recognition. He took part in General Taylor's operations against Monterey in September, but on the arrival of General Scott at Vera Cruz his regiment was transferred to the command of that officer. On the advance into the interior he was appointed Quartermaster of the regiment, and so continued throughout the war, though insisting on active service with his company whenever there was opportunity. At the battle of Molino del Rey he behaved with such gallantry as to receive the appointment of First Lieutenant, to date from the day of the battle. His conduct at Chapultepec received the special commendation of his superior officers for "distinguished gallantry" and "good conduct." In recognition of this he received the brevet of Captain, to date from September 13, 1847, the day of the battle, and three days after received his commission as First Lieutenant. He participated in the capture of the city of Mexico, and the successful movement of the advance column in carrying the parapets which commanded the Garita San Cosme, by which the forces entered the city, was due to his suggestions and prompt and intrepid action. Among his exploits was mounting a howitzer in the steeple of a church, and driving the enemy from the last parapet commanding the entrance to the city. For this he received the public congratulations of General Worth, who placed a company with its captain under his command to complete the capture of the Garita San Cosme by this novel mode of attack.

Returning from the Mexican war with his regiment, Lieutenant Grant married Julia T. Dent, the sister of his old class-mate, in St. Louis, in April, 1848. His regiment was sent to the northern frontier, and for a time he was in command of his company, first at Detroit, and afterward at Sackett's Harbor. In 1851, the Fourth Regiment was ordered to the Department of the Pacific to aid in preserving order and restraining the Indians in that newly settled region. The battalion to which Grant was attached was sent up into Oregon, where for some time its head-quarters were at Fort Dallas. The regiment went by way of Panama, crossing the isthmus in the midst of a panic on account of cholera. Grant was Quartermaster at this time, and energetically took charge of the transportation over the isthmus, which was accomplished with considerable difficulty in the heat of July and amidst pestilence and panic. In this he showed his imperturbable coolness and unremitting energy in time of difficulty. At Fort Dallas, in 1853, he received his commission as Captain, but tiring of this kind of life, in which there was little action, and desiring to return to his wife, whom he had left behind in St. Louis, he resigned, July 31, 1854, after eleven years of varied military service. He retired to a little farm belonging to his father-in-law, eleven miles from St. Louis, where he built a log house, and passed several years in the toil and obscurity of a common farmer. Here his three sons and his daughter were born, amid the humblest surroundings. Making little progress in worldly prosperity at St. Louis, he joined his father and brothers in the tanning trade at Galena, Illinois, in 1859. It was here that the outbreak of the rebellion found him, and furnished the supreme opportunity for the development of the great military capacity of which some sign had been given in Mexico.

II. IN THE WAR.

On the 15th of April, 1861, the day after the surrender of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln called for 75,000 militia, "to cause the laws to be duly executed." On the 23d, Captain Grant presented himself at the capital of Illinois in command of a company of volunteers from Galena. Thence he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the Army, offering his services in any capacity, and meanwhile made himself of use in organizing the Illinois Volunteers, who were coming forward in great numbers. Of one regiment of these, the Twenty-first, Governor Yates made him Colonel; and hardly had he repaired with it to Missouri, when the Washington authorities, selecting both present and former regular officers for high commands, commissioned him, early in August, as Brigadier-General. Fremont assigned him, on the 1st of September, to the command of the District of Southeastern Missouri, comprising the portions of Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee immediately around Cairo, where, on the 4th, Grant established his head-quarters. The next day he heard that the Confederate General Polk had reached Columbus, on the Mississippi, and was threatening Paducah, which is about twenty-five miles east of Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and the Tennessee. Notifying Fremont of the facts, and adding that he should himself occupy Paducah unless otherwise ordered, he started from Cairo with a suitable force the same night, seized Paducah the next morning, left a garrison there, and by noon had returned to Cairo, where he found the required authority for the project which he had already carried out.

Two months afterward Grant received instructions from Fremont to make demonstrations toward Columbus, in order to deter the garrison at that point from sending troops to Missouri. On the 6th of November, therefore, Grant started down the river with two gun-boats, 3114 men, and a battery. Landing just above the hamlet of Belmont, which lay on the flat opposite Columbus, under range of its guns, and leaving about 250 men to protect his transports, Grant marched the remainder of his force to Belmont, where Polk had stationed Pillow, with about 2500 men and one battery. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Grant pressed Pillow back to the river; but there he came under the fire of the heavy guns of Columbus, while Polk hurried across the river four regiments as re-enforcements, accompanying them in person. Seeing himself thus outnumbered, and having already executed his purpose, Grant set fire to Pillow's captured camp, and ordered a retreat. With raw troops, this movement caused some anxiety and disorder; still, they were safely embarked and returned to Cairo. In this, his first battle, Grant's loss was 485; Polk's, 641.

With the Mississippi blocked by batteries on its banks, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, two tributaries of the Ohio, offered palpable advantages for the advance of Union gun-boats into Southern territory, and therewith the turning of the strong Confederate positions of Columbus, on the one hand, and Bowling Green, on the other. To check such an advance the Confederates erected two earth-works—Fort Henry, on the east bank of the Tennessee, just at the Kentucky line, and Fort Donelson, twelve miles nearly due east, on the west bank of the Cumberland. On the 2d of February, having received authority for the purpose, after repeated solicitations, from Halleck, who long before had seen the value of the attempt, but had taken no practical steps to make it, Grant started up the Tennessee to attack Fort Henry, with 17,000 men on transports, convoyed by Foote and seven gun-boats. Tilghman, who commanded the fort, hastily withdrew his main force for retreat to Donelson, and defended his works with a single company of artillerists. On the 6th of February, while Grant pushed his troops into positions near the fort, the fleet opened upon it, and after a sharp conflict of two hours, Foote received the surrender of Fort Henry, with its seventeen guns, its stores, and about 100 men.

This victory, coming early in the war, was received with great enthusiasm, but Grant, without pausing, although authorized and even urged by Halleck to remain on the defensive at Fort Henry, so as to resist attempts to retake it, pushed his available troops across to Fort Donelson as fast as the miry roads would permit. When he arrived there his body of 15,000 men was actually smaller, according to some careful statistics, than the army inside defending the works, and these works, too, were very strong, in commanding positions, and mounting twenty-one heavy guns, besides many field-pieces. However, re-enforcements, ascending the Cumberland on transports, soon doubled Grant's strength. After two days of skirmishing, the garrison in the fort, fearing that it would be gradually hemmed in, made a desperate effort to open a way of escape by the Wynn's Ferry road. The struggle was nearly successful, but a lull occurred in the Confederate attack at the moment when its purpose seemed achieved. Grant, at this juncture returning from a consultation with Foote on his flag-ship, and learning what had occurred, instantly divined the enemy's purpose, and believing the situation to be one in which, as he expressed it, "whoever attacks again first will whip," directed General C. F. Smith to assault. That splendid soldier, who with his sixty years had all the fire of youth, magnificently carried out his instructions, and the Confederates were driven back into their trenches. Floyd and Pillow, with a considerable number of their troops, stole away the same night in the darkness, and then Buckner, on whom the command had devolved, the next day, the 16th, asked a cessation of hostilities so as to agree on terms of capitulation. "No terms," answered Grant, in words which became memorable, "except an unconditional and immediate surrender, can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." There was no way of evading the result, and the fort was surrendered, with garrison, guns, and stores. The Union loss was a little over 3300; the Confederate, as nearly as can be ascertained, from 13,000 to 14,000, and all but 1500 or 2000 were prisoners. This was the greatest victory which had yet crowned the Union arms, and Grant received the well-earned reward of a commission as Major-General of Volunteers.

The fall of Donelson forced the abandonment by the Confederates of Bowling Green and Columbus. The advantage of continuing the advance up the Tennessee was obvious, and an expedition for this purpose was intrusted to C. F. Smith by Halleck, who, with absurd punctiliousness, found fault with Grant's alleged lack of attention to official correspondence, and with having visited Nashville. Explanations were made, and to Grant was restored the command of the expeditionary forces, which Smith had placed meanwhile at Pittsburgh Landing, on the left bank of the Tennessee. The purpose of this gathering was to advance against Corinth, about twenty miles distant, in northeastern Mississippi. This point derived strategic importance from being the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio railroads, and upon it, therefore, had been concentrated a Confederate army of 40,000 men, from Bowling Green, Columbus, Pensacola, and other points, commanded by A. S. Johnston, with such subordinates as Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, and Hardee. Halleck proposed to push forward Buell's army, 37,000 strong, from Nashville, for the re-enforcement of Grant's 40,000 at Pittsburgh Landing, and with the two to advance against Corinth. Johnston, however, sought to overwhelm Grant before Buell's arrival; and marching from Corinth for that purpose, he suddenly struck, on the morning of April 6, 1862, Grant's advance divisions, encamped about two miles from the Landing, at Shiloh Church. The nature of the attack and the lack of field-works caused these divisions, and then the whole of Grant's army, to be driven back to the Landing. L. Wallace's division, five miles distant, taking a wrong road, did not reach the scene till evening. Grant, however, who hurried upon the field from his head-quarters at Savannah, several miles down the river, exerted his utmost efforts to bring order out of the confusion. Johnston, the Confederate commander, was mortally wounded during the afternoon, and Beauregard, who then assumed the command, found further advance stopped by the exhaustion of his troops, who had been marching or fighting since midnight; by the difficult nature of the ground, cut up into ravines near the Landing; by the fire of the gun-boats, which raked these ravines; by the hot fire, also, of the Union artillery, massed near by, and of the Union troops, concentrated as they had been driven in, and now re-enforced by the advance of Buell. During the night Buell's remaining troops arrived, and the next day the combined Union armies drove the Confederates from the field, and the battle of Shiloh was ended. The Union aggregate loss was over 12,000 men; the Confederate, about 11,000.

Heavy re-enforcements continuing to arrive, Halleck, who took command, laboriously spaded his way toward Corinth, which the enemy evacuated. The consequence of these movements, and of Pope's capture of Island Number Ten, was the abandonment of Fort Pillow on the Mississippi, and the navy then captured Memphis. Grant remained at Corinth in charge of the army there, Halleck was transferred to Washington as General-in-Chief, and Buell was dispatched to Tennessee to check a formidable invasion by Bragg, designed to carry the scene of conflict back to the Ohio. Grant forwarded re-enforcements to Buell, and to prevent him from sending more, Price threatened Corinth. But Rosecrans, under Grant's direction, fought Price at Iuka, September 19, and a fortnight after, bloodily repulsed both Price and Van Dorn at Corinth.

The Mississippi was now open except at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and Grant accordingly turned his attention to reducing the former. He began by sending Sherman from Memphis, with 32,000 men, down the river, convoyed by Porter's gun-boats, to open the Yazoo, which enters the Mississippi above Vicksburg. Sherman found the Yazoo defenses at Haines's Bluff impossible to carry, being repulsed, on the 29th of December, with a loss of about 2000 men. Grant, who had intended to advance against Vicksburg by land, was baffled by the surrender of Holly Springs, his secondary base, and by the cutting of his communications by Confederate cavalry. Some compensation was found in McClernand's capture of Arkansas Post, with nearly 4800 prisoners and seventeen guns.

In the spring of 1863, Grant transferred his army by river to Vicksburg, and spent many weeks, with the aid of canals and other devices, in the vain attempt to approach the city. At last he adopted the bold conception of carrying his whole army, on the Arkansas side, below Vicksburg, and there re-crossing the river, so as to place his forces in the rear of the city, thus compelling its garrison to come out and fight or else stand a siege. This was handsomely accomplished, Porter's gun-boats at the same time running the river batteries; and after five combats, including one on the Big Black and the sanguinary pitched battle of Champion's Hill, he forced the Confederate commander, Pemberton, back into Vicksburg. J. E. Johnston, with a small relieving force, was kept away, and on the 4th of July, 1863, Pemberton surrendered, with from 27,000 to 30,000 men and 172 guns. In all these Vicksburg operations the aggregate Confederate loss was about 45,000 men and 200 guns; while Grant lost fewer than 12,000 men. Port Hudson soon surrendered to Banks, and the Mississippi was free.

Grant, for this great victory, which happened simultaneously with Meade's at Gettysburg, was made a Major-General in the regular army, and all eyes turned to him as the man for the hour. Indeed, his soldierly energy was soon again to be tested. Rosecrans, who had succeeded Buell in Tennessee, and had fought Bragg on Stone River at the close of 1862, during the succeeding year had pressed the enemy back to Chattanooga and beyond, but being repulsed at Chickamauga, had fallen back into Chattanooga, which place Bragg soon held under siege. Rosecrans had been superseded by Thomas, and Grant was intrusted with the command of the Division of the Mississippi, so as to include Chattanooga. Sherman, who had been driving Johnston from the rear of Vicksburg, was hurried to Chattanooga, and meanwhile Grant, by opening a line of supplies, practically raised the siege. Then he prepared to dislodge Bragg from the surrounding heights. On the 24th of November Hooker brilliantly captured Lookout Mountain, Bragg's left; the next day Sherman attacked Bragg's right; but the crowning work was that of Thomas, whose Army of the Cumberland, in the centre, assaulted and carried the frowning heights of Missionary Ridge. Bragg fell back into Georgia, and relief was promptly sent by Grant to Burnside, who had been kept under close siege at Knoxville by Longstreet. Grant's loss at Missionary Ridge was about 7000 men, and Bragg's probably still greater; Bragg also lost forty guns.

Upon this victory Congress voted thanks to Grant, ordered a gold medal to be struck for him, and appointed him Lieutenant-General, March 2, 1864. On the 17th he assumed command of all the armies of the United States. To Sherman he assigned the task of attacking Bragg's successor, J. E. Johnston, in Georgia, while he proposed to personally supervise the campaign against Lee in Virginia.

On the 4th of May, 1864, he crossed the Rapidan with the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, which, including the Ninth Corps, was 120,000 strong. Lee, who had about half that number at command, at once attacked him while on the march, and a terrible two days' battle was fought in the Wilderness. The result of this prolonged and indecisive struggle for the mastery in the tangled undergrowth and among the scraggy pines was a Union loss of about 15,000 men and a Confederate loss of probably about 10,000. On the third day, May 7, Grant renewed his original endeavor to march past Lee's right flank, but Lee hastened to baffle it, and occupied Spottsylvania. There for many successive days, now in constant skirmish and now in regular assault, the struggle was renewed. On the 12th of May Hancock captured 4000 prisoners and twenty guns. In general, however, the efforts of Grant to carry the position were bloodily repulsed. By the 20th of May his losses at Spottsylvania were over 17,000, and Lee's were doubtless more than 10,000. Grant, however, sent to Washington the cheery message, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." He again moved out by the left to the North Anna, steadily drawing toward Richmond; but there, finding Lee strongly posted in his path, he resumed the flank march, crossed the Pamunkey, and faced Lee at Cold Harbor.

During this time Butler, with an army of 40,000 men, had been operating against Richmond on the James, and suffering a check from Beauregard, who lost 2200 to Butler's 3500, had withdrawn to Bermuda Hundreds. He now, by Grant's directions, sent 16,000 of his troops to Meade. On June 2 an assault at Cold Harbor was repulsed, with an aggregate loss at this point of 13,000, the Confederates probably losing not more than a third as many. Then Grant once more moved out to turn Lee's right, and this time crossed to the south side of the James. The movement for this purpose was conducted with address. Meade first intrenched a line in the rear of the position at Cold Harbor, to be held while the army was withdrawing. The place selected for crossing the James was the vicinity of Wilcox's Landing, this being beyond Lee's observation, while its distance from Richmond would expose Lee to serious attack should he come forward in force to resist the crossing. In the early morning hours of June 13, Meade withdrew his army, corps by corps, passed over the Chickahominy at different points, and directed his columns upon Wilcox's Landing. The long and exhausting marches were made with precision, and the troops crossed the James, which had been bridged for the purpose, between the 14th and 16th. Thus the army had changed its base easily and without molestation.

Vigorous operations were thus at once renewed. Butler on the 9th had sent Gillmore with 3000 men and Kautz with 1500 cavalry, to capture Petersburg, but its works seemed to the former too strong to be carried by his force. On the 14th, Smith, who had withdrawn two days earlier from Cold Harbor, reported to Butler, and was directed to renew the attempt against Petersburg, while Hancock's corps was sent from the James in support. Delays ensued from one cause or another; re-enforcements were sent for both sides, and when the attacks were made, the Petersburg intrenchments held out against all assaults. The Union losses in the hard fighting were about 10,000; those of Lee were also very severe. The total Union losses in Meade's and Butler's commands from May 3 to July 1 were about 70,000. The Confederate ranks were also greatly thinned, and showed signs of exhaustion.

During the last half of the year vigorous efforts were made to carry Petersburg, now under siege, operations being conducted upon both sides of the James. A mine was sprung under the works in Burnside's front, but without ultimate success. The proposition to mine a redan of the enemy's works came from Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, a skillful engineer commanding a regiment chiefly of Pennsylvania miners. Though care was taken in preparing it, the purpose was detected by the enemy, and protecting intrenchments were thrown up where the attack was threatened. The division of the Ninth Corps selected to lead the assault was commanded by an incompetent officer, and the parapets and abattis were not removed for the passage of the assaulting column. There was a neglect also to provide proper support. The mine was duly exploded, and the leading assaulting division entered the crater, but there mostly remained, and only feeble efforts were made to carry the crest beyond. The Confederates at length recovered from their surprise, and the Union forces were withdrawn. This fruitless attempt cost 4400 men. Next, a movement was made to the north bank of the James by the Second Corps and some other forces, to threaten Richmond on that side. A series of sharp encounters resulted, in which the Union loss was probably from 2000 to 2500 men. While this demonstration was going on upon the north side, Warren's Fifth Corps was directed against the Weldon Railroad at the other flank. A sharp battle occurred on the 19th of August, in which the Union casualties were about 2900. Two days later the Confederates made a vigorous assault on Warren, but were repulsed with great loss. The position on the Weldon road was held. Grant, however, determined to destroy the road as far as possible, and sent the

Second Corps for this purpose. At Ream's Station the Union forces were attacked and severely handled, with a loss of 2372 men and nine guns. The Union lines were, however, extended by severe battles on the Weldon Railroad and at Hatcher's Run. These various operations cost an aggregate Union loss of perhaps 25,000 men, while Lee also endured heavy losses. The Shenandoah Valley had meanwhile become the scene of conflict. Sigel, who opened the campaign there, had been defeated, and succeeded by Hunter, who penetrated to Lynchburg. Repelled, however, from the latter point by Early, who had been detached by Lee, Hunter retreated to the Kanawha, and Early therefore marched down the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac to the outworks of Washington. Thence he was driven in turn by the Sixth Corps, under Wright, and other forces. In order to permanently relieve the Shenandoah Valley, Grant sent thither a large force under Sheridan, the renowned leader of his cavalry corps, who gained brilliant victories over Early at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Tom's Brook, and Cedar Creek, and so triumphantly closed the war in the valley.

The opening of 1865 found the Confederate cause desperate under Grant's comprehensive and relentless campaigning. Sherman had, in a series of battles and marches, forced his way to Atlanta, thence to Savannah, thence to the Carolinas, his latest march causing the fall of Charleston. Thomas had overthrown, by great battles at Franklin and Nashville, the attempt of Hood, Johnston's successor, to once more invade the North. Fort Fisher and Wilmington had fallen. Lee saw that Richmond must follow, and determined to abandon it, and to combine with an army collecting under Joe Johnston in North Carolina, in order to overthrow Sherman. An assault delivered at Fort Steadman, to cover this move, cost him 4000 men, with a Union loss not half as great. Grant, too, had foreseen Lee's purpose, and had planned to move again by the left to foil it. On the 29th of March the great movement began, Sheridan leading off with his 10,000 cavalry. Lee struck a heavy but unavailing blow to check it. Sheridan, in turn, on the 1st of April, with the cavalry and the Fifth Corps, overwhelmed Lee's right at Five Forks, capturing 4500 men, with a Union loss of less than 1000, and on the 2d the portion of the Union army left at Petersburg broke through the outer defenses.

That night Lee fled from his lines, leaving Petersburg and Richmond in the hands of Grant. His effort to escape, however, was too late. The Union forces, headed by Sheridan, overtook him, and planted themselves at Jetersville, on his desired road to Danville. Lee turned westward again toward Lynchburg, but his relentless pursuers fell upon his rear-guard, and at Sailor's Creek captured nearly the whole of Ewell's corps. Worn out and wrecked, Lee's army, on the 9th day of April, surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court-House.

The terms granted by the conqueror were magnanimous and generous, guaranteeing protection while under parole. Johnston's surrender to Sherman followed as a matter of course; Taylor and the other Confederate leaders duly capitulated. The war was over, not so much as a guerrilla shot surviving it; and it had been ended solely by the overthrow of the Confederate military forces on the field of battle.

In reviewing the military career of General Grant it becomes evident that his successes, so far as they were due to personal causes, are in large measure traceable to certain traits of character, exhibited alike in prosperous and adverse fortune, from the beginning to the end of the war. The restless activity and enterprise which caused him, on taking command at Cairo, to seize Paducah the very next day, without waiting for formal instructions, was the same quality that afterward, on the larger field of the Virginia operations, prompted him to "hammer continuously" at Lee's army until he broke it, and therewith the Confederacy, into fragments. This ceaseless activity in military operations was not, however, the result of an excitable temperament or merely fitful in development. On the contrary, it was joined to extraordinary perseverance, inflexibility of will, and tenacity of purpose. Yet enterprise and persistency did not make up the full sum of Grant's gifts as a soldier, since to these he added as large a measure of audacity as befits a commander-in-chief. One can no more question the boldness of his demonstration at Belmont, under the 140 guns of Columbus, than the imperturbability with which, when, on the same field, an agitated officer told him they "were surrounded," he quietly replied, "Then we will cut our way out." The daring with which at Vicksburg he cut loose from his base, and risked procuring supplies from the country until another base could be established, was not less fruitful in results than the dogged determination to stay before the city until he had forced it to surrender. In his final campaign as Lieutenant-General he developed much comprehensiveness of view, and in the midst of a trying campaign under his own eyes never lost sight of movements in such distant fields as Georgia and Tennessee, co-operating with them by his own. But the secret of his success would still escape us should we fail to note the modesty and patriotism which led him always to consider first how best to overcome the enemy rather than how to secure for himself the greatest personal fame. Allied with these traits were a generous recognition of the services of his subordinates and a memorable grace to conquered foes. Military literature contains few parallels to the letter which Grant, on his nomination to be Lieutenant-General, wrote to Sherman, attributing to him and to McPherson much of his success, and saying, "How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you can not know as well as I." As to the liberal terms accorded to Lee at Appomattox, accompanied by utter simplicity of deportment on Grant's part, it is hardly too much to say that they made any further military struggle on the part of the Confederacy a moral impossibility. He must have disarmed it by his magnanimity, had he not already conquered it by the sword.

General Grant will not go into history among the soldiers classed as "brilliant," while his lack of that personal magnetism which belongs to some heroes of the battle-field has become almost proverbial. But he possessed in superlative degree those sterling traits which accomplish results of transcendent importance, and in the end extort admiration even from enemies.

III. AFTER THE WAR.

At the close of the war General Grant was hailed throughout the North with admiration and gratitude as the greatest hero of the conflict, and the chief instrument in the salvation of the Union. Admirers in Philadelphia presented him with a handsome residence, his old friends at Galena provided him a home there, and he was the recipient of many tokens of admiration, and greeted with enthusiasm wherever he could be induced to visit his fellow-citizens. In 1866 the grade of General of the Army was created, in order that its distinction might be conferred upon him, and when the contest between Congress and President Johnson over the question of reconstruction was impending, a provision in the Army Appropriation Bill required that all orders and instructions relating to military operations should be issued through him, and that he should not be removed, suspended, relieved from command, or assigned to duty elsewhere than at Washington, except upon his own request, without the approval of the Senate. At the same time the Tenure of Office Act was intended to prevent the removal of Secretary Stanton, who was an ardent supporter of the Congressional policy of reconstruction. Congress intended to secure the services of the General of the Army in behalf of this policy, and the President made an effort to enlist him on his side. By the supplemental reconstruction act of 1867, the acts of the military commanders of the districts were made subject to the disapproval of the General of the Army only, instead of the President, but the latter used his prerogative as Commander-in-Chief to change the district commanders against General Grant's protest. When the President suspended Secretary Stanton and appointed Grant Secretary of War *ad interim* in August, 1867, the latter warned him against "the great danger to the welfare of the country" involved in his designs, but accepted the appointment as a command from his superior, at the same time expressing to Mr. Stanton his appreciation of the "zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability" with which he had performed his duties. The moment the Senate refused to sanction the suspension of Stanton, General Grant turned over the office of Secretary of War, to the great chagrin of the President, who claimed that he had promised to support him. At the end of the controversy that passed between them, General Grant resented with spirit the imputation that he had not acted in good faith, and told the President plainly that he regarded the whole matter as an attempt to involve him in a resistance to the law for which the President himself "hesitated to assume the responsibility in orders." The General continued to do all in his power to have the reconstruction acts carried out according to their purpose in the several districts.

Before the end of 1867 a public meeting was held in New York, in which prominent business men took a leading part, to promote the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency. It was only a formal expression of the general feeling, which spread spontaneously throughout the Northern States. When the Republican Convention of 1868 was held at Chicago, on the 20th of May, no other candidate was thought of, and his nomination was unanimous on the first call of States. His letter of acceptance, dated May 25, was brief and characteristic, ending with the famous words, "Let us have peace." The election resulted in giving him 214 electoral votes, to 80 for Horatio Seymour, and his popular majority was 309,684 in a total vote of 5,716,082. In his inaugural address he declared that, while he felt the responsibilities of his new position, he accepted them without fear. His first cabinet was made up largely of men who had shown a special appreciation of his services, and there was something characteristic in his request to Congress that Mr. A. T. Stewart, whom he had made Secretary of the Treasury, might be exempted from the operation of the law of 1789, which stood in the way of his serving in that position. The effects of inexperience in politics and public life were at once manifest, but with them an honesty of purpose and candor of expression which disarmed criticism.

General Grant's first term as President was distinguished by the completion of the work of reconstruction, the suppression of Ku-Klux outrages in the South, the settlement of the *Alabama* claims and the fisheries, the inception of the civil service reform movement, and the failure of the scheme for the annexation of San Domingo. He fully supported and faithfully carried out the reconstruction policy of Congress, making definite suggestions for new legislation to complete the work in hand. The act for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment, permitting the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, was passed at his suggestion. He declared that the disorders in the South were beyond the control of State authorities, that the power of the national Executive to interfere was not clear, and that there should be such legislation as would "effectually secure life, liberty, and property, and the enforcement of law in all parts of the United States." His firm and vigorous execution of this law put an end to Ku-Klux outrages. The President took a very influential part in directing the negotiations and promoting the proceedings connected with the Treaty of Washington and its execution. The policy of his administration in respect to this matter was characterized by moderation, firmness, and ability. When the Minister to England, Mr. Motley, failed to act in harmony with that policy, at its beginning, he was superseded by Charles Francis Adams, who, under the instructions of Secretary Fish, successfully conducted the negotiations in London. The selection of counsel to appear before the arbitrators at Geneva was guided by the best judgment, and all the proceedings connected with this affair reflected credit on the government. In regard to our foreign relations, as affected by the troubles in Cuba and the Franco-German war, the same quick perception of the rights and obligations of the government, and firm adherence to a well-defined policy, were evinced. In his second Message to Congress, in December, 1870, President Grant called attention to the important subject of civil service reform, and showed a clear understanding of the abuses to be remedied, and of the requirements of the policy to be adopted. When authority was given in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, March, 1871, to prescribe rules and regulations for the service, he entered upon the work heartily, appointed an able commission, and showed a disposition to make the reform successful. The San Domingo scheme was a peculiar incident of Grant's first term as President. Almost at its beginning, treaties were negotiated with President Baez for the annexation of Dominica and the lease of the Bay of Samana, the President's private secretary, General Babcock, visiting the island in connection with the project. An insurrection was produced at San Domingo, and the treaties met with vigorous opposition in the Senate, led by Mr. Sumner. At the President's request a commission was sent down in 1871 to inquire into the advisability of the scheme. This consisted of B. F. Wade, Andrew D. White, and Samuel G. Howe, who made a favorable report, which the President urged upon the attention of Congress and the people in vain. He continued to revert to the subject to the very end of his second term, protesting not only the integrity of his purpose, but the wisdom of his efforts to secure a foot-hold in the West Indies.

The vigorous policy of the administration in dealing with the South did not have the unanimous approval even of the Republicans of the North, and out of it sprang the movement, begun at St. Louis and continued at Cincinnati in 1872, against the continuance of the administration under General Grant. This was aided by the opposition to the San Domingo scheme and the lack of real vitality in the civil service reform policy; but the show of opposition only inspired the friends of the administration with greater zeal, and General Grant was renominated by acclamation at Philadelphia on the 5th of June, and re-elected by an increased popular and electoral vote. In his second inaugural address he displayed some feeling at the "abuse and slander" to which he had been subjected, and gratefully accepted his re-election as a vindication.

General Grant's prestige as a civil administrator was seriously impaired by certain incidents of his second term as President. Political troubles continued from time to time in the South, and he seemed to grow weary of them. He acted consistently on the theory that the local authorities which could show a legal title for their existence were to be sustained, but he was loath to interpose the national power if controversies could otherwise be settled without actual violence. He repeatedly urged Congress in vain to define more explicitly the powers and duties of the Executive. The interference at New Orleans in the winter of 1874–5, when General Sheridan was sent there on a special mission, and used the military power to settle a controversy over the election of members to the Legislature, caused much dissatisfaction, and afterward, when there was a call for the intervention of Federal authority in Mississippi, the President said, somewhat impatiently, "The whole public are tired out with these annual autumnal outbreaks in the South," and declared that if there must be interference, it should be "no child's play." He urged the settlement of all local controversies by the people concerned, but firmly held that disorders and violations of law must cease.

On all questions affecting the financial policy of the government General Grant was throughout his two terms clear, consistent, and firm. He set out with the announcement of two essential principles: the public debt must be paid in gold, according to the tenor of its obligation, and specie payments must be restored as speedily as practicable. He constantly urged this policy, and firmly resisted any course inconsistent with it. He vetoed the Inflation Bill in April, 1874, setting forth his reasons clearly and emphatically. In signing the Resumption Act, January, 1875, he sent a special message to the Senate, not only expressing his hearty approval, but urging the adoption of measures to prepare fully for the change.

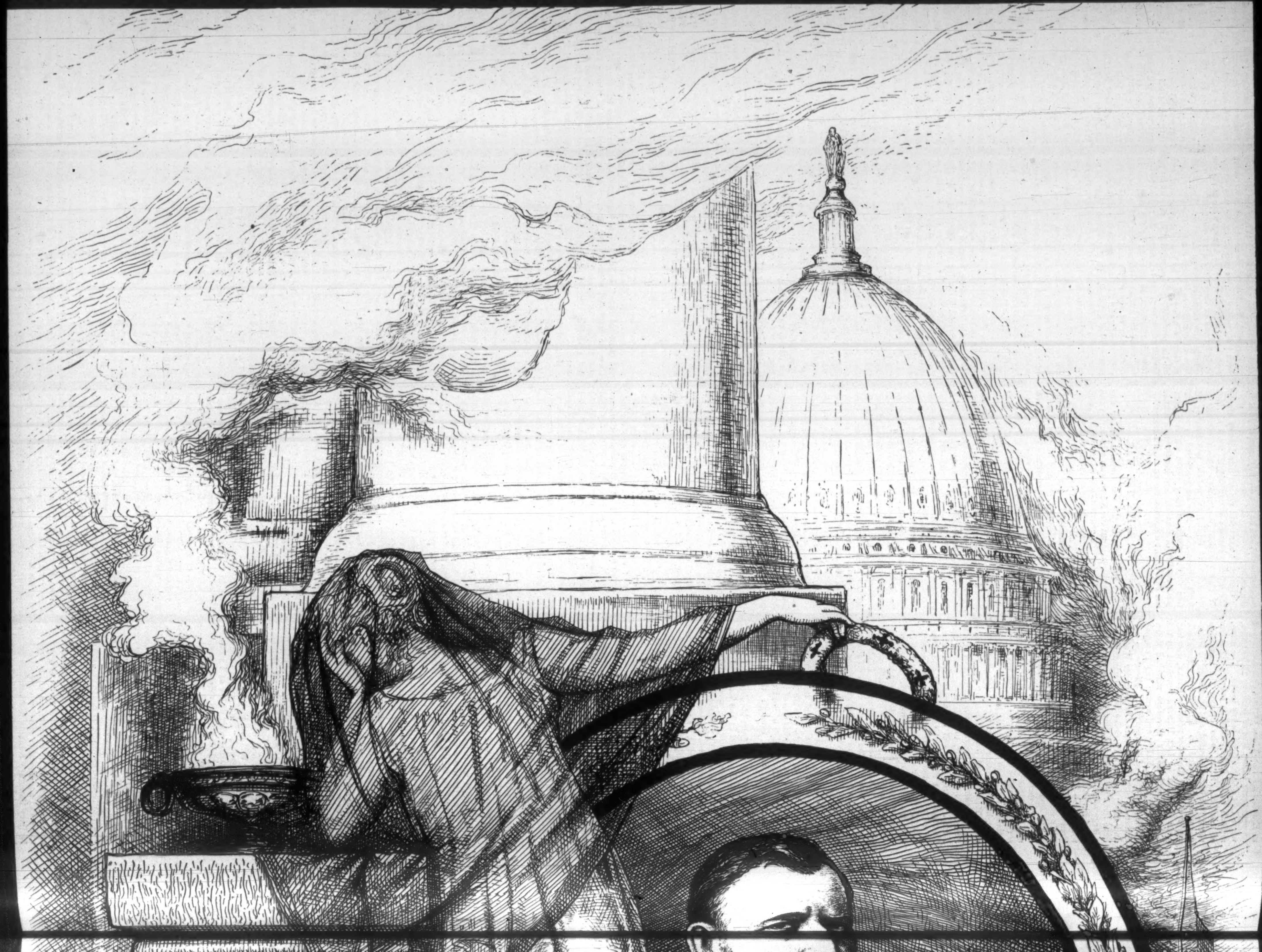
By the beginning of 1875 the effort to maintain the policy of civil service reform was virtually abandoned. The President in December preceding made a final appeal to Congress to give the sanction of law to the rules and definitely to provide for the permanency of the system, but without avail. He subjected himself to hostile criticism by not showing in the higher appointments that regard for the principles of the system which its friends considered essential, and in some measure he was held responsible for the failure. In June, 1874, Mr. B. H. Bristow had become Secretary of the Treasury, and instituted a policy of reform in the administration of that department. In May of the following year the investigation of frauds in the internal revenue service culminated in the seizure of a number of distilleries and rectifying-houses in St. Louis, and the arrest of the government supervisor and special agent there, who were convicted of complicity in the frauds. The Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department and the President's private secretary were indicted, the former being convicted and the latter acquitted. At first the President had fully sustained Mr. Bristow's efforts, and urged him to "let no guilty man escape"; but when his trusted friends came to be involved he seemed to interpret the action of the Secretary as purposely hostile to his administration and in the interest of his own (the Secretary's) political advancement, not admitting that those whom he had trusted had really betrayed his confidence. The difference with Bristow resulted in the latter's resignation in June, 1876. Already the scandal of Secretary Belknap's impeachment had been added to the burden upon the administration. When the Secretary's conduct was first exposed and a resolution of impeachment had been offered, the President promptly accepted his resignation, which raised a serious question as to the Senate's jurisdiction of the case, and probably prevented conviction.

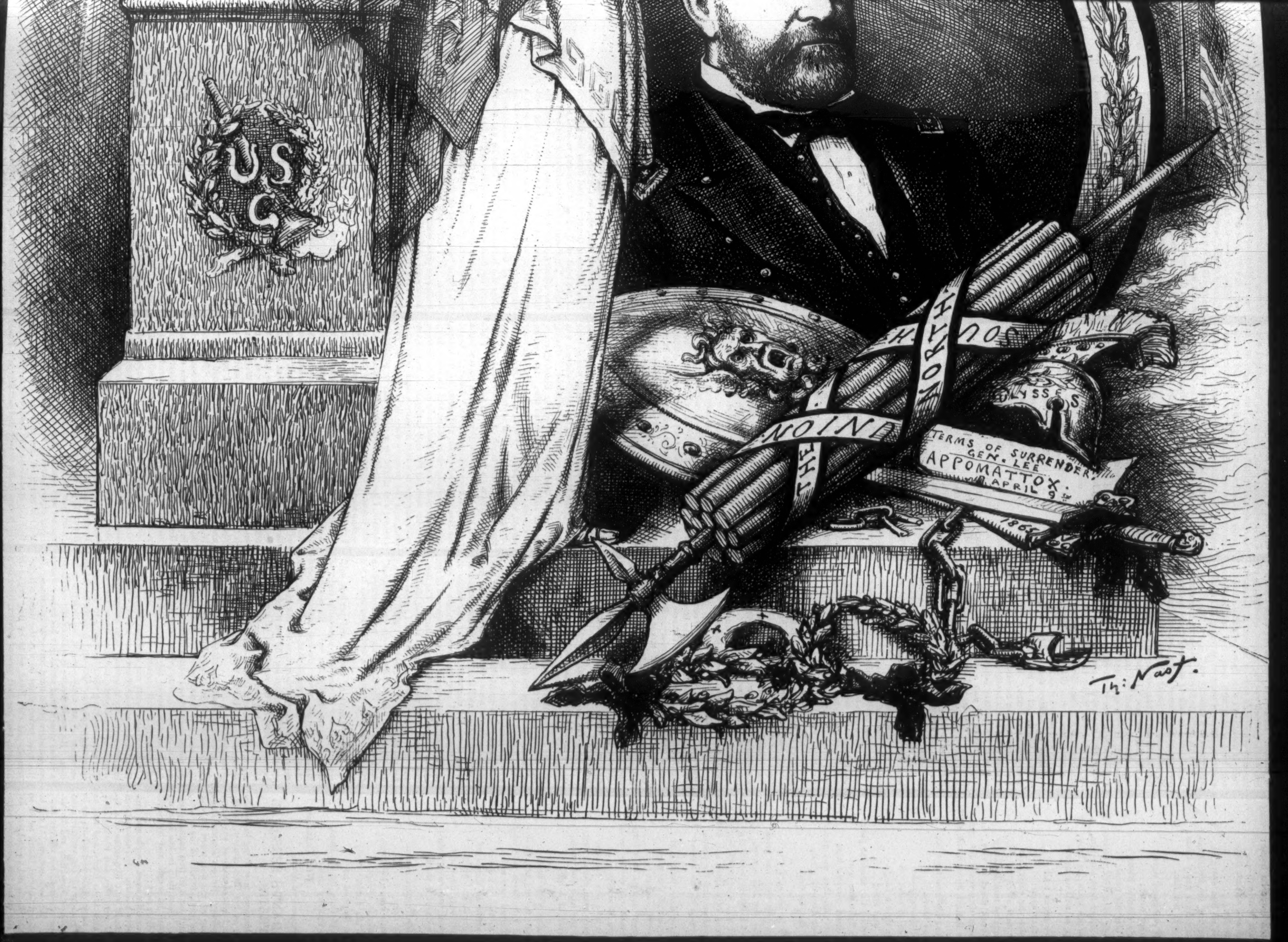
Previous to these untoward events there had been talk of General Grant's third nomination by the Republican party, but other aspirants began by this time to gain confidence, and the anti-third-term agitation was begun, first taking form in a declaration of the Republican Convention of Pennsylvania in 1875. General Grant wrote a letter at this time declaring that he never sought a first or a second nomination, and did not want a third. He would not accept it "unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise." The designs of rival candidates and the purpose of the anti-third-term movement were so aided by the scandals of the Whiskey Ring and the Belknap disclosures that the name of General Grant was not presented in the Convention of 1876. During the canvass he contented himself with giving directions for the preservation of order in the South, and the enforcement of the laws. In approving the Electoral Commission Bill, he submitted a special message urging the necessity of "permanent general legislation to meet cases which have not been contemplated in the Constitution and laws of the country."

On retiring from the Presidency General Grant set out on an extensive trip abroad. Stopping for a brief visit to his old home at Galena and a social entertainment by friends in Philadelphia, he embarked from the latter city on the 17th of May, 1877, for Liverpool. He spent some weeks in England, and returned thither after a trip through Germany and Switzerland into Italy. After visiting Scotland and the north of England, he started for France and the Mediterranean, extending his travels to Egypt and the Holy Land, visiting Rome and Constantinople on his return to the Continent. He next spent some months in northern and southern Europe, and returned to Great Britain, near the close of 1878, for the purpose of visiting Ireland. Near the beginning of 1879 he passed through France, and embarked at Marseilles for India. After exploring that land he passed through Burmah and Siam, visited China and Japan, and crossed the Pacific, arriving at San Francisco, September 20, 1879. Everywhere he had been received with the highest tokens of admiration, being the guest of rulers and civic bodies, and attending innumerable receptions and banquets. It was an almost continuous ovation, such as no private person probably ever before enjoyed. On his return to this country he made his way by an irregular route through the Pacific and Western States to the East, arriving near the close of the year. In the early part of 1880 he made a trip through the Southern Atlantic States, visited Cuba and Mexico, and returned by way of Galveston and the Mississippi Valley. During his absence the question of a third term was again agitated, and the ex-President's ardent political admirers made a determined effort to secure his nomination by the Republican Convention of 1880. The other aspirants, however, had gained strength; the anti-third-term idea was not without influence, and the old causes of discredit were not wholly forgotten in the glare of the attentions General Grant had received as the most distinguished American living. Though he had the solid support of 306 delegates out of 756, he failed of the nomination, and subsequently gave his support to Garfield.

In the latter part of 1880 General Grant made his home in New York. He had become interested in railroad projects in Mexico, in the interoceanic canal at Nicaragua, and the association of his name with other financial schemes was eagerly sought. He became a partner in the banking firm of Grant & Ward, in which his sons were interested, and while he took no part in its business, he gave his full confidence to the active partner, Mr. Ward, with a characteristic lack of reserve or suspicion. The result was disastrous to his hopes of financial prosperity. On Christmas-eve, 1883, General Grant suffered a fall on the icy pavement in front of his residence, which gave his system a shock from which it never recovered. Some months afterward the disease developed which proved fatal, and it was doubtless aggravated by his financial troubles. After the loss of his private property, the destruction of his hopes of financial success, and the attack of a disease which threatened his life, General Grant was restored to his old rank as General of the army, and placed on the retired list by act of Congress and of the President, at the very close of the Republican administration, which gave way for the first time in twenty-four years to the ascendency of the Democratic party. He received his commission from the new President, so that his public career spanned in a peculiar manner the most remarkable era in the history of the republic.

1822——1885.

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THE UNION
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TERMS OF SURRENDER
GEN. LEE
APPOMATTOX
APRIL 9th
1865
Th: Nast.

THE HERO OF OUR AGE,—DEAD!

THE CAPTAIN IS ASLEEP.

Let the muffled drums mourn
Heavy and deep,
And flags with crape be borne:
The Captain is asleep.
On a hushed and solemn bed,
Alone he lies.
Tender words of him are said,
There are waiting for his hands
Love bouquets from many lands;
But he will not rise.

Never in his childhood days
Such slumber came;
Nor ere war's electric blaze
Streamed o'er his name,
When, through eyes with watching dim,
His young mother bent o'er him,
Wreathing hopes upon his brow,
Did he sleep so well as now.

Let the silver horns trail
Anthems that weep:
Let them voice the early tale
Of the Captain asleep;
Tell the struggles that he knew
Ere his life-work stood in view,
And the clouds that vexed his eyes
Ere his star flashed through the skies.

Men, you must his mourners be,
For he was brave.
Harvester of courage—he
Knew when to save.
Cruel as the tiger's fang
Until war was done,
He would soothe the smallest pang
When the fight was won.
Only death could conquer him,
And his fight with that was grim.
As in his best days of pride,
Hero to the last, he died.

Women, holy in his eyes
Was the pureness that you prize.
Palaces round him had smiled,
Kingly shows his days beguiled,
But he loved and sought release,
Turned from lofty spire and dome,
Came for comfort and for peace
To the fireside of his home.

Fame, you have done your best
For the Warrior of the West,
Who, with grand, heroic rush,
Reached your regions at a leap.
Sound his praise again—but hush!
The Captain is asleep.
Slumbering early; but 'tis best
That the weary man should rest.
He has had the care and strife,
Ten times over, of a life.

Grief, you came when Rest
Should have thrown her spell—
You were of rare barbs possessed—
Oh, you pierced him well!
It is brave to fall and die
With an arrow in the heart;
It is noble, great, and high
To live and bear its smart.
Sound so grand was never heard
As is pain without a word.

Let the muffled drums mourn
Heavy and deep,
And flags with crape be borne:
The Captain is asleep.
Warriors in the farther land,
Who once lingered here,
Grasp our Chieftain by the hand,
Give him friendly cheer.

Will Carleton.

GENERAL GRANT'S PERSONAL TRAITS.

An officer of volunteers now living in Washington knew Grant as his little chubby, sandy-haired, freckled-faced school-mate at the Maysville (Kentucky) Academy. He met General Grant again at the opening of the war, when he was made the head of the postal service of the armies, and he served throughout it in that capacity under Grant's orders. Since then he has kept up the acquaintance both in person and by correspondence. This officer says:

"General Grant was the most simple and confiding man I have ever known. His associations with his brother officers were like those of a father to a family of grown-up and trusted children. He talked with them freely, and was as much interested in their plans and affairs as in his own. In his reports of his various campaigns he was absolutely unselfish, and he delighted in giving the credit to his officers rather than to himself. He does not say, 'I did so and so,' nor 'I ordered Colonel Blank to do so and so,' but 'Colonel Blank did so and so.' Of course he did give the order, but he states merely the fact that the thing was done, giving the credit to the officers who carried his plans into execution.

"It was the same with his private life. He was the most unpretending officer of the army during the war. He was the least conspicuous in dress. His clothes were generally rough and soiled with marching, and his only sign of rank was his shoulder-straps. He dressed neatly, but he spent no time before the looking-glass, and his manners were entirely free from ostentation or bluster. He always went to the Adjutant-General's office, which was the general rendezvous of the staff officers, as soon as he rose in the morning. If the officers were there, he would sit down and have a chat with them. If not, he would visit their different quarters, greeting and talking with them in a fatherly way.

"To his intimate friends, when the times fitted, he delighted to talk of his family, and he took a corresponding interest in the domestic affairs of his officers. He loved animals, and the various pets about the head-quarters he treated as kindly as did their owners. I remember at one time the head-quarters' guard had caught a little lamb and raised it. It grew up about Grant's head-quarters and became in time a large sheep. General Grant took a kind interest in it, and he would have heartily resented any injury to it. Colonel Bowers, his Assistant Adjutant-General, had a cat that was a great favorite with the head-quarters. Grant loved it and petted it as much as any of us.

"Both the officers and soldiers loved and respected Grant, and to them he was one of the most generous of men. In his military family he kept everything in common. His cigar box was always open to his brother officers. He liked to talk with his military family, and with such men as he trusted he was a good conversationalist. He had no secrets, and he selected no favorites to whom he whispered his confidences. To strangers, and in the presence of men in whom he had no trust, he was very reserved, and it is this faculty which gave him the reputation of being dull.

"In talking, he spoke in a low conversational tone, used simple Anglo-Saxon, and avoided metaphor and illustration. He never descended into vulgarity, did not use slang, and I don't believe he has ever uttered a blasphemous or profane word. He would tell stories in which oaths had been originally used, but would not quote the oaths, and as he never exhibited anger, he never used oaths to express such a feeling. Our conversations would sometimes become of a personal nature, but I have never heard Grant refer to any man in the way of sneer or detraction. He always sought to speak of the good in men rather than the evil, and if necessary to speak of the bad qualities of a certain man, he would close his remarks with the mention of his good points, or excuses why he did not have them. In his talk with others I have never known him to say or do anything which might mortify them.

"General Grant had a wonderful power of drawing information from others in conversation without their being aware that they were imparting it, but he did not scruple to avow his ignorance whenever it was necessary. During his army career he was a good talker, and he was fond of a social chat. He told a good story and enjoyed a joke. His memory for facts was good, and for faces remarkable. He recognized me after a period of twenty years, under circumstances in which he could not have known otherwise who I was.

"After the war was over, General Grant showed his love for his military family by doing kindnesses for them whenever he could. When he became President he sought them out, and without solicitation on their part provided for many of them. He never forgot a favor rendered him when he was poor and in need, and he was kind to such people when he had the power.

"There was a great deal of true nobility and gentlemanliness about General Grant. He had no petty spites, and there was nothing small or mean about his character. After the battle of Fort Donelson, I saw the correspondent of one of the leading anti-Grant daily newspapers of the country introduced to General Grant. The General smiled in a friendly way as he took his hand and said, 'Your paper has never said a good word for me in my whole life, but that shall make no difference in our relations with one another.' And it did not. He made the correspondent a guest of his head-quarters, and aided him in his work.

"This evenness of temper and perfect self-control was one of the most noticeable traits of General Grant during the war. He never felt disaster, and he never showed himself elated over victory. He manifested no feeling when they talked of relieving him of his command before Vicksburg, and he told me if they did so, he would ask for the command of a corps, a division, or a brigade. 'This war must be put down,' he said, and showed that he was more interested in the Union than in his personal aggrandizement.

"After a successful battle General Grant never exhibited the slightest boastful feeling. To have seen him and heard him talk you would have supposed that he had had nothing to do with it, were it not that he was quietly busy dictating the future movements of the army. His treatment of prisoners is well known.

"No matter what the circumstances, General Grant never appeared to be surprised. His staff officers would try to astonish him by extravagant stories or statements, but they never succeeded. The most startling news in regard to the enemy requiring prompt action—and it might be the destruction of an army—would be brought in to him. He would receive it without the change of a facial muscle, and would give his orders almost immediately in the most matter-of-fact tones. In the most trying times he was the most self-possessed. At City Point, while he was sitting in his tent, two hundred tons of powder, lying on a barge just opposite the head-quarters, exploded with a terrible report; men, mules, and the Quartermaster's Department were blown into the air, and the whole smoky surroundings were full of falling bodies, and every one else was panic-stricken. Grant sat imperturbable. He did not move from his seat or raise his hand, and only said, in his usual tone, 'Babcock, go out and see what is the matter.'

"Self-possession and constant readiness for action were among Grant's strongest points. His will was a strong one, though it was not offensively stubborn; and though he counselled with his officers, he acted upon his own judgment. In giving his orders and suggestions he did so in a manner most complimentary to his subordinates, making his commands in the form of requests, and expressing his plans as though asking the advice of the officer whom he was directing to carry them out. It was not the dictatorial 'Do,' but it was the persuasive, 'Do you not think it best to do so and so?'

"It is no wonder that both the officers and soldiers loved Grant. The people will love him better as they know him more. He was not a money-maker nor a money-lover, and in this cold practical world the very beauties of his character have led him into misfortune." F. G. C.

GLIMPSES OF GRANT.

By a War Correspondent.

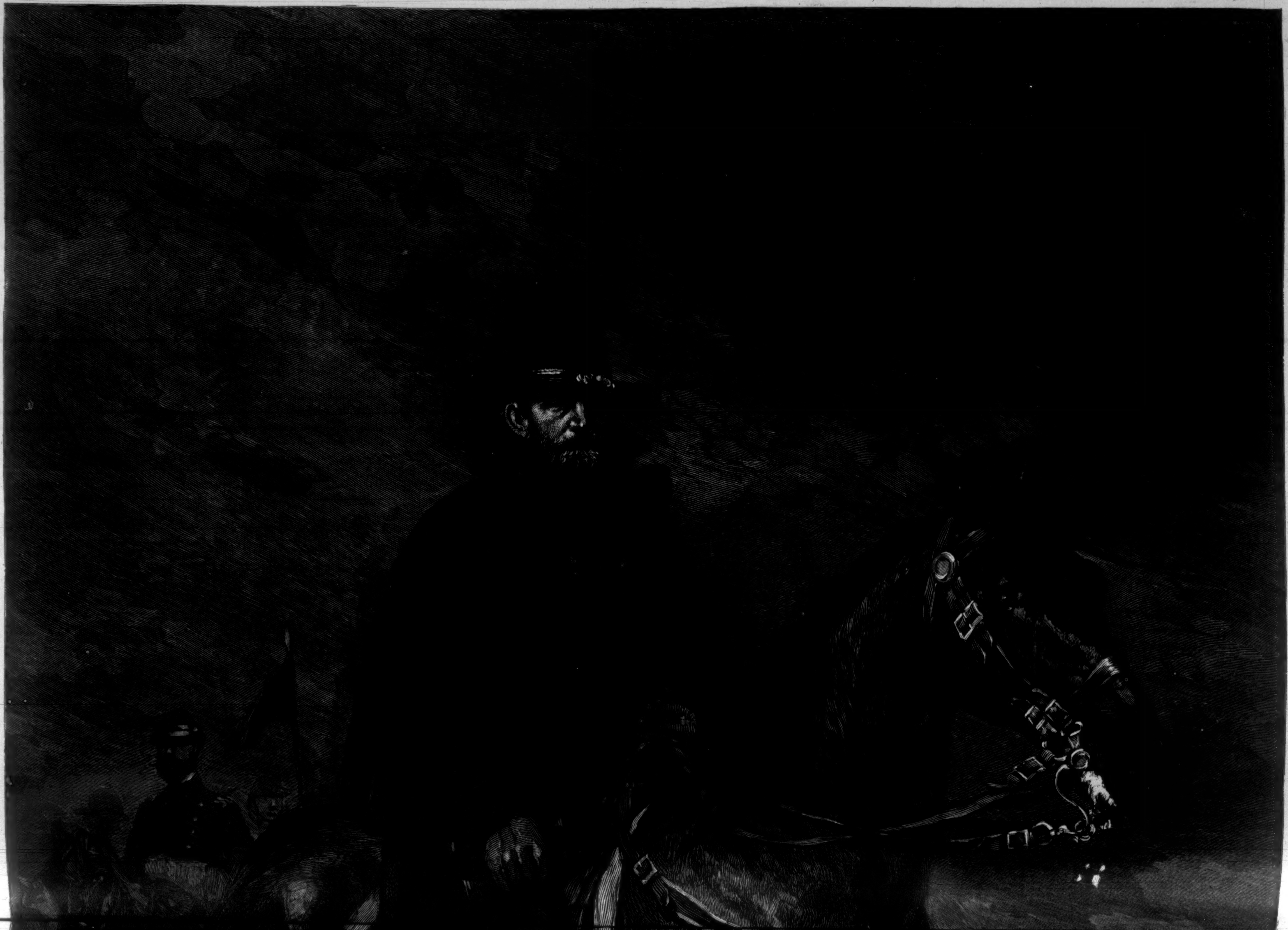
When I first met General Grant, I was a Lieutenant of Volunteer Cavalry. The laurels of Forts Henry and Donelson were yet fresh upon his brow, for it was not yet a month after those two victories had inspirited the North, and made the name of Grant for the first time well known to his countrymen, although it had been casually mentioned some weeks before, with no great favor, in connection with the affair at Belmont. After Donelson, it will be remembered that the army made its rendezvous on the Tennessee River at a point which had no distinctive name, but was directly opposite, across a short stretch of country, from the earth fort that had so suddenly sprung into fame. At the time the troops were gathering here, the Tennessee was over its banks, with the usual spring freshet, and with troops, horses, wagons, rations, forage, ammunition, camp equipage, and everything else piled in some confusion upon a fleet of the nondescript sort of steamboats known on the Western rivers as stern-wheelers, and with these steamers made fast to the tops of trees projecting above the flood, the army of General Grant might be said to be amphibious. The only way of communication between these steamers was by yawls, which had also to be used to visit the Quartermaster and Commissary boats, and these officers had small steamers to carry supplies to the troops on the different boats.

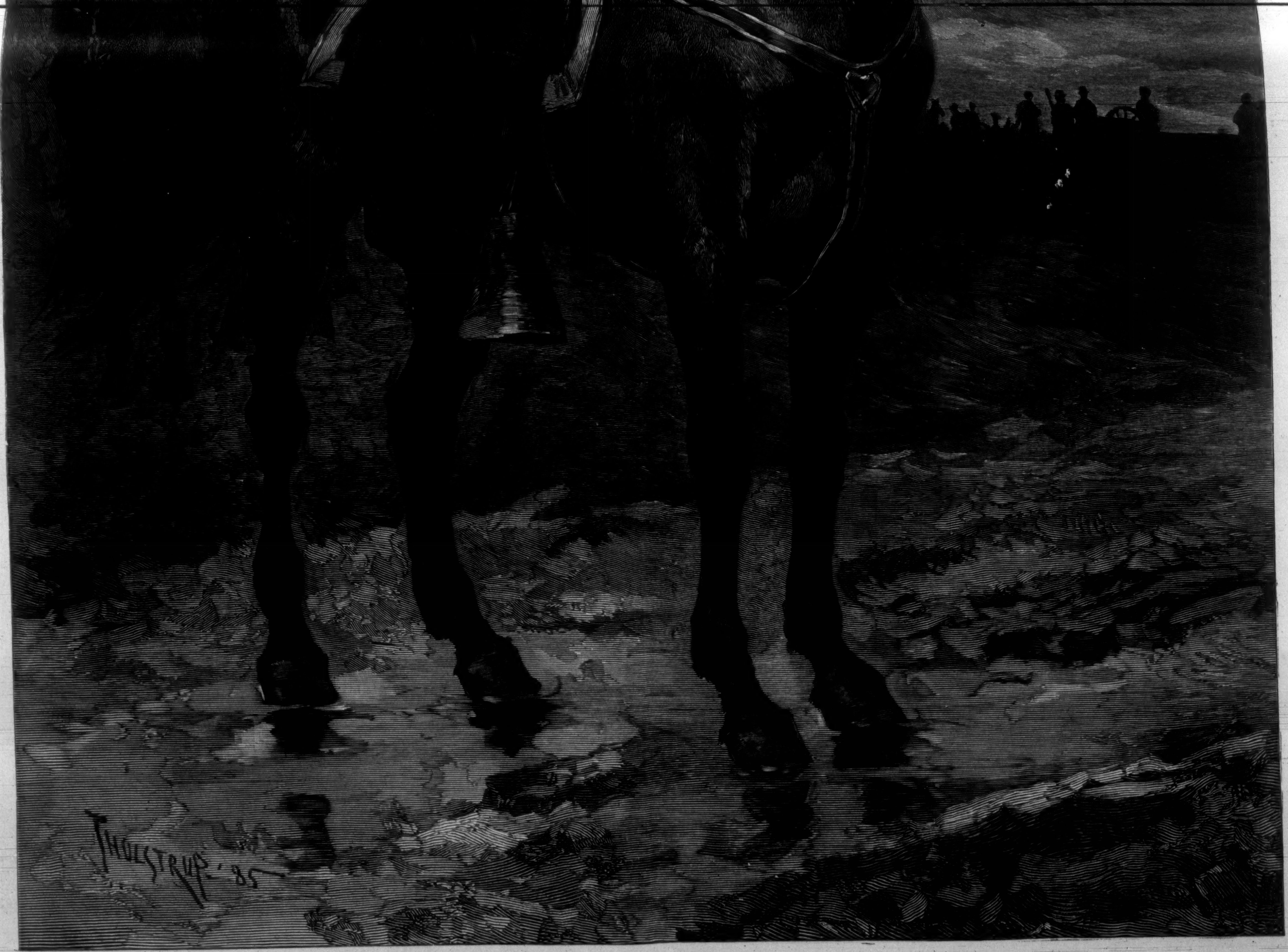
When our battalion of 400 men and a like number of horses arrived at the rendezvous, just before daylight on a chilly March morning, both men and horses had been some hours without food, owing to somebody having blundered in not stopping us at the mouth of the Tennessee for rations and forage. As soon as morning broke, armed with the necessary requisitions I took the yawl with two men and boarded the boat of the Chief Quartermaster. I had no difficulty and lost no time in getting my requisitions filled and having my supplies piled up on the forecastle of the boat. But then came delay. There was no boat to carry the forage over to the boats where it was so much needed by the hungry horses. Having waited an hour, I hunted up the Chief Quartermaster and stated the case to him. Oh yes, he would let me have a steamboat directly. An hour passed, and no boat. I went to the Quartermaster again, and this time he expressed the opinion that I was in too much of a hurry, and that he would give me a boat when he got ready. I left him, and then did something which no one but a tyro would have ventured upon. I went on board the Head-quarters boat, and ascending the steps, entered the long main cabin, and half-way down met a person whom I took to be an officer of some inferior rank, as the only evidence he had of any rank was the fact that he wore a dark blue overcoat, and the privates wore light blue. Of this person, who might be a lieutenant or possibly a captain, I inquired rather abruptly whether General Grant was on board. The answer was "Yes"—that monosyllable, and nothing more. "Can I see him?" "Yes." "When?" "Now." "Where?" "Here; I am General Grant. What is the matter?" I had never seen General Grant nor any photograph of him, except the one so current in the early days of the war, which represented somebody with a long flowing beard, and may have been the counterfeit presentment of somebody in the world, but certainly was not of the officer who stood before me, and who, as I did not on the instant reply, asked again, "Well, what is it?" Then, giving the necessary salute, I explained my dilemma as briefly as I could. He took his cigar from his lips and listened attentively. When I had concluded he said: "That won't do; neither men nor horses should be hungry within a hundred yards of plenty. Come with me." He turned and walked toward the stern. Pushing aside a dividing curtain, he entered what in peace day would be known as the ladies' cabin, but it was then the office of the Major-General commanding. Speaking to one of several officers who were writing at a large table, he said, "Give the Lieutenant an order for a steamboat," and having said it, walked away without another word. In three minutes I had the order signed, "By order of Major-General U. S. Grant," by an aide-de-camp, and in three minutes the Chief Quartermaster was staring at it with undisguised astonishment, and audibly wondering how I got it. I did not enlighten him, and the final result was that the steamboat was forthwith furnished, and the horses in my charge had a rather late dinner instead of the breakfast they would have had if it had not been my misfortune to meet a cranky Quartermaster.

When I next saw General Grant, one of the bloodiest battles in modern times had been raging for nearly two hours. It was at Crump's Landing I saw General Grant that eventful morning, and the battle was in progress on the field that has gone into history as Shiloh. It is not my purpose to enter into any of the controversies which have in recent years arisen in regard to that celebrated conflict; I design only to give what I saw of General Grant during the battle, with what little explanations of the situation may be necessary, and to draw no deductions from the facts. Whether or not the army of General Grant was where it should have been that morning, whether, being where it was, it was surprised, are questions which have been hotly discussed, and never yet been decided to the satisfaction of the disputants. To a proper understanding of the situation it is, however, necessary to say that the Army of the Tennessee, under General Grant, was encamped on the south bank of the Tennessee, awaiting the arrival and co-operation of the Army of the Ohio, under General Don Carlos Buell, which was marching overland from the north to reach the Tennessee River at a small town called Savannah, eight miles below Shiloh, and on the opposite bank of the river. Grant's army was itself divided into four divisions, three being at Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, and the other, that of General Lew Wallace, being at Crump's Landing, four miles below. General Grant himself was at Savannah the night before and when the battle began. The Confederate army was known to be gathering at Corinth, and those who were directing the movements of the Union forces acted on the assumption that General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was a most capable and enterprising officer, would stay at Corinth and await the attack of the combined forces of Grant and Buell. Unhappily he did nothing of the kind, but determined to attack and destroy the army of Grant before that of Buell could reach it.

Rarely has a more beautiful morning come upon this earth than that of Sunday, April 6, 1862, as it came to Shiloh and the surrounding country. The trees had just put on the verdure of spring, innumerable birds were filling the air with melody, and there was a something in nature that morning that seemed to command "peace on earth, good-will among men." At sunrise I was riding from our outposts on the Purdy Road to Crump's Landing, when suddenly the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry were heard above. The merest novice in war knew at once what it meant. The battle was on once more, and as the sound of war plainly, and as it seemed every moment, was nearing the river, it was evident our troops were being driven back. I put spurs to my horse, and the remainder of the distance to the river was done in very quick time. General Lew Wallace was already ashore from his boat, nervously pacing the bank, and knowing not what to do in the absence of orders. The sound of battle grew fiercer and louder. When the roar of conflict had been deepening for something over an hour, the smoke of a steamer was seen ascending the river. It made slow progress against the current of the swollen Tennessee, but at last it headed inshore, and was alongside the boat of General Wallace. General Grant was standing on the forecastle of the arriving boat, and as the two vessels touched sides, General Grant stepped upon the forecastle of the boat of Wallace, which was moored to the bank. There was a brief conference between the two officers, after which Grant stepped upon his boat, and hurried on up the river to take command of his army, which was engaged in such a desperate struggle with the enemy. This was all I saw of General Grant during or immediately after the battle of Shiloh. That he was absent from the field when the conflict began has not, I believe, been disputed. The cruel slander was circulated soon after the battle that he was drunk the night before and on the morning the battle began. If I ever saw a sober man, one in the complete possession of all his faculties, and fully impressed, so far as his demeanor could show it, with the fact that a great crisis had come to his life, and that a most onerous responsibility rested upon him, it was General Grant that morning.

On that Sunday night the Confederates rested in comfort in the tents of the Federals, while the latter shivered in the rain close to the banks of the river. It had been a day, so far as the great mass of the army could see it, of irretrievable disaster, for they did not know that the army of Buell was at hand to take part in the struggle of the morrow; that the division of General Nelson, commonly known as "Bull" Nelson, had crossed the river just at dark, and had been placed at the front to take the place of the beaten and tired troops of the day before. During the night the remainder of Buell's army was ferried over, and when the battle was renewed with the first blush of dawn, the advantage was wholly with the Federals, who pressed them heavily until the enemy had been driven back to Shiloh Church, a primitive edifice, which was nothing more than a log cabin, which stood at the top of a slight elevation, whence the road led down to and across Shiloh Creek, a diminutive rivulet that a small boy might have jumped across. It was at or near Shiloh Church that the battle had begun on Sunday morning; it was there it ended late on Monday afternoon. From Shiloh Church backward to the Tennessee the field which had so suddenly become famous presented a striking and terrible spectacle. All the way across the intervening space from the church to the Tennessee, a distance of about two and a half miles, was here a swath of Union dead, next one of Confederates, separated only by a few hundred feet, thus giving ghastly evidence of the almost hand-to-hand conflict that raged over the ground, which was alternately pine forest and fields cleared for tillage. These swaths of dead and dying presented the most striking illustration, perhaps, of the horrors of war that the whole civil war furnished. It was a scene of which even a momentary glimpse would cause it to live in the memory through all the years of earth; it is now, after the lapse of twenty-three years, lacking a




THULSTRUP '85

IN THE WILDERNESS, 1864.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

few days, as palpably before my eyes as the paper on which I am writing.

Soon after the historic and perplexing battle, General Halleck arrived from St. Louis and took command. General Grant was named in general orders as second in command, but the great soldier had nothing more to do than to chew the cud of bitter disappointment with such contentment as he could. It seemed as though the sun which had risen with such splendor at Donelson, less than three months before, had already set. Immediately upon his arrival General Halleck set about crushing the rebellion in his own peculiar way. About the time General Halleck began digging his way from Pittsburgh Landing to Corinth, the Confederate authorities had transferred the remnants of their beaten army in Tennessee to Virginia, to assist in pounding General McClellan, who was getting uncomfortably near their government at Richmond.

Immediately after the occupation of Corinth, my connection with the army ceased, owing to the discovery by General Halleck that I, in common with one lieutenant in every battalion of cavalry mustered into service from the Western States, held a commission not authorized by law, and we were all honorably mustered out of service at Corinth about the middle of July.

It was at Vicksburg, and with the free range of a newspaper correspondent, that I next had the opportunity of observing General Grant in the field. It was the correspondents only who really knew all that was going on along the lines, or if any one of them did not know much more of what was going on than even the commanding General, it was his fault. It was his business to go everywhere, to see everything, to squeeze information out of everybody, from the General commanding down to the teamster who was piloting over its rocky or miry way—and it was always one or the other—the last wagon in the Quartermaster's train. From first to last during the war there were many scores of bright, capable young men, tireless in mind and body, serving the newspapers of the United States with the armies in the field. They rode horseback many miles every day that they might keep the thread of events fully in hand. They even made their way to the enemy's picket lines at times, and with the persuasive power of a bottle of whiskey, re-enforced by a copy of a newspaper of week before last, established confidential relations with the pickets. They soon became more familiar with the roads and by-ways in the country where the army was operating than the engineer officers. No non-combatant resident of the country through which the army passed escaped their adroit and exhaustive cross-examination, and in this way, as in many others, they were often of very essential service to the commander. And it must be said of them, in conclusion, that there was no one among them who was fit for his position—and there were very few who were not—who was not frequently in possession of information which he dared not transmit even for the private information of his editor. That General Grant fully realized their importance was amply testified by the passes he gave them and the treatment he accorded them whenever and wherever he was in independent command. An example can be given in the passes he issued to correspondents during the Vicksburg campaign. One of these, which I had in my possession for many years after the war, gave me permission as a correspondent to pass at all times within and without the lines of the army, and directed all conductors of railroad trains and masters of steamboats in government service to give me free transportation. And the pass I held was precisely like that held by every other correspondent who came to him with proper credentials. It is gratifying to say that no one of the correspondents to whom these very comprehensive passes were issued ever abused the confidence which his possession of it implied.

Although out of its order of time and the sequence of events, I will relate here an incident which occurred in Virginia in 1864. The correspondents in the field never had any difficulty in obtaining accommodations for themselves; they could always become members of an officers' mess, their only trouble being to force the acceptance of their share of the expense. It was different as to their horses: there was no forage in the country in which the armies operated except that belonging to the government, and no more being issued to any one than was barely sufficient for his animal or animals, it was always difficult, often impossible, to get our horses forage. I often gave a teamster or an officer's servant a dollar, and sometimes two dollars, for a couple of quarters of oats, which I was certain he had stolen to sell me; but I was compelled to do it, or let my horse starve.

One evening in May, just after the battle of Spottsylvania, a dozen correspondents happening to get together, this forage perplexity came up. It was suggested that a committee representing the whole body should wait upon General Grant, and placing our difficulty before him, ask him to issue an order requiring quartermasters to sell us oats and furnish transportation. We hunted up the General that same evening, and put the case before him in this wise: "General, there are so many newspaper correspondents here with the Army of the Potomac. Every one of them has a horse, and these horses, as a rule, get over more miles per day, and are subjected to harder service, than any others in the army. You know there is no forage down here except what belongs to the government, but you can see from the condition of our horses here, which are fair samples of all of them, that somehow they do get forage. What we have been deputed by all the correspondents to ask of you is that you will issue an order to all the quartermasters in the army to sell us forage, and furnish us transportation for it. We can nearly every evening get back to our source of supply, or know that we can not, and take rations for a day or two strapped behind the saddle." General Grant during the delivery of this speech had stood leaning against his tent-pole, with that far-away look which in those days he so often wore, seemingly not having heard a word that had been said to him. But he had, for as soon as we had concluded, he said, in his quiet, sententious way, "Gentlemen, I will issue the order to-night." And he did. From that time to the close of the war our horses fared sumptuously every day, and at less cost than would have been incurred in any stable in the North, for the order required the forage to be sold to us at the cost to the government. I should not like to have been one of a committee of correspondents to go to any other General who ever commanded a Union army, with the exception of McClellan and Burnside, on such a mission. The deputies would have been fortunate if they had escaped expulsion from the lines of the army.

Going back to the Vicksburg campaign, I am tempted to relate an incident with which General Grant had no connection, but which is so strongly illustrative of those war times that I can not resist the temptation to narrate it. The extreme right of General McPherson's line—he had the centre before Vicksburg—was held by a fort occupied by a Chicago battery. Directly opposite was a Confederate fort, the guns of which were supposed to have all been dismounted, as they had not spoken for many days. Four of us were having a quiet game of cards behind the earth-works, near the close of a warm afternoon toward the end of June, when the roar of a cannon was heard, and a shell, whistling over our heads, fell into a gully some distance behind the earth-work, and exploded without injuring any one. The Captain jumped to his feet, highly indignant at this interruption. "Confound his impudence! spluttering away in that fashion when I thought he was dead." He sprang to one of his guns, and carefully brought it to bear on the offending piece of ordnance, the muzzle of which could be seen protruding saucily from a port-hole. The Captain fired, and when the smoke had cleared away we could see the gun was not there, nor was it ever there afterward. As soon as he had seen the result of his shot, the Captain stretched himself again on the ground—a rubber blanket spread between us was our card-table—and remarked, "Come, gentlemen, let's finish the game; that fellow won't interrupt us any more." This was the prettiest bit of artillery firing I saw during the war.

Another incident I must relate needs to be prefaced with the statement that our lines before Vicksburg were overcrowded with fugitive negroes from all parts of Mississippi. The men acted as teamsters or servants to officers, and the women improvised laundries where, with the rudest of appliances, they did washing for the officers. I was riding one hot day behind a range of dwarf hills behind our left centre, and stopped near one of these improvised laundries to get a drink of deliciously cool water from a bubbling spring with which I had had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance for many days. I hardly noticed the woman at her work, nor her little child playing on the opposite hill-side. Suddenly a shell whizzed over our heads, and burying itself in the ground just above the child, knocked it down and almost buried it under the dirt it threw up. The woman shrieked out, "Come right down here, chile, dis minit! if one of dem fings should hit yer it mout hurt yer." The idea that if a ten-inch shell should hit that foot-high pickaninny it *might* hurt him seemed to me so funny that I laughed, although a laugh was a rare event with me then.

For the first time, but unhappily not the last, I was attacked with the ague about the middle of June. One day which I imagined was to be my well one I managed to get on my horse, and rode over to Army Head-quarters to get my letters. Just as I reached there, a chill came on, and going into the tent of the mail messenger, I lay down on his bunk to let the chill run its course, which, with the fever following, as I only had a slight attack, would not require over an hour. As I lay there I soon became aware that Grant and his mess were at dinner in the tent immediately behind me, for I could hear the conversation as well as if I had been at table with them. Then I first learned that in his privacy Grant could talk as glibly and with as much force as any one.

On the morning of the 3d of July, 1863, the signal of submission appeared on the frowning ramparts in our front. Two officers appeared upon the Confederate works, and, descending them, proceeded to our picket line, where they were received by the officer on duty and conducted to the quarters of General A. J. Smith, in whose front they had entered our lines. General Grant was sent for, and speedily came. After a short talk with the two officers, one of whom was Colonel Montgomery, General Pemberton's Chief of Staff—I have forgotten who the other was—a meeting was arranged for the afternoon between Grant and Pemberton. They met under the scanty shade of a tree half-way between the lines, which had miraculously escaped the shot and shell in whose pathway it had stood for many days. Each commander was accompanied by two staff officers, but these stood apart from their leaders, in the sun, and got well blistered, for that was almost the hottest day I ever experienced in any latitude. The terms of surrender being finally agreed upon, the two generals parted, and with their officers returned within their respective lines.

That night was a joyous one within our camps. "There was a sound of revelry by night," but there was nothing boisterous and no drunkenness, chiefly, I suppose, because no cup that would inebriate could be found anywhere in the lines. But the whole Union army "felt good." The night air was burdened with song—songs of home, of wives, of children, of country, arose along the whole line, from the Mississippi at the mouth of the Yazoo to where it touched the Mississippi again below Vicksburg. There was no sleep that night, and when morning came every one was busily engaged in giving himself the nearest possible appearance of being in holiday attire. The officers got out their dress uniforms, epaulets and all. I never saw the lamented General McPherson look so well as he did that morning. Even General Sherman, careless as he is and was of appearances, honored the occasion by coming out in full-dress uniform, and this was the only time I ever saw him in such apparel. The only man who, as the after-events of the morning proved, was not moved to go and do likewise was General Grant.

The surrender was arranged to take place on a large level plateau in General McPherson's front, and that officer had been deputed to receive it. Promptly at ten o'clock the Confederate regiments began filing out, and, having stacked their arms, marched back within their fortification. Meanwhile the general officers were assembling at a large stone house some distance inside the Confederate lines, all resplendent, both Federal and Confederate, in full uniform. Some time after they had all gathered, General Grant made his appearance without having made any change in his attire. He had no epaulets, but a pair of dingy shoulder-straps with two dingier stars on each. With this scene my observations of General Grant ended for a time, and were not to be renewed until after the glory of Missionary Ridge had been added to his laurel wreath.

Having been outside with the besiegers at Vicksburg, it was my lot to be inside with the besieged at Knoxville when that city was invested by General Longstreet in the beginning of November, 1863. After the siege was raised by the bloody repulse of the Confederates on the morning of November 30, I desired to go North. The horseback ride over the Cumberland Mountains to Crab Orchard, Kentucky, the nearest point where railroad communication with the North could be had, although practicable, was decidedly uncomfortable. Another correspondent and myself, therefore, determined to take the water route down the Tennessee to Chattanooga. We purchased a skiff and freighted it with bread, fried chickens, and other edibles sufficient to last four men ten days rather than two men three days, which was all that was required. Having heard in some way of our purpose, the General who had succeeded General Burnside in command at Knoxville sent for me, and handing me a small package, requested me to give it to General Grant immediately on my arrival at Chattanooga, which I engaged to do. The next morning we pushed out from the shore near the railroad bridge. It was a chilly December morning, but we soon got warm by vigorous rowing. At noon we landed near a substantial-looking house, and had no difficulty in exchanging a small part of our stock for having our coffee made. After dinner we pulled out with great vigor, and before night-fall had reached Kingston, where we had the good fortune to meet a small steamboat which had just come up from Chattanooga, and was going back immediately. We boarded her, skiff and all, and the next morning at daylight were moored at the wharf of the straggling hundred houses which had become famous in war annals as Chattanooga. Having found the steamer that was going down the river that afternoon to make the connection with the railroad north at Stevenson, Alabama, we paid our fare, and having transferred our remaining stock of rations to the pilot-house, we made our skiff fast alongside the steamer, with the intention of selling it to somebody, we started out, and coming upon a restaurant, had, all things considered, a remarkably good breakfast. My comrade then returned to the boat, where he found a couple of boatmen in the act of appropriating our skiff, which they accomplished despite his protest.

I went off in search of General Grant, and, having found him, delivered my dispatches. I found him the same taciturn, self-possessed soldier I had always known. He asked many incisive questions concerning East Tennessee, in which portion of the country he had never been. I answered these as best I could, and being familiar with localities, men, and events up there, took away with me the comfortable reflection that I had been able to give him some information that he thought worth having. Having returned to the boat, we took possession of the pilot-house as the only habitable place on board. As darkness approached, we opened our hamper, spread our table-cloth on the bench (we had that adjunct of civilization), got out our chickens and other edibles, and having heated our coffee red-hot at the furnace fires down below, were just beginning to do justice to our feast, when, to our great dismay, General Grant entered with an officer of his staff. Instantly we began to hurry our feast into the hamper, when the General said, "Go on, gentlemen, with your supper; don't let me interrupt you." We invited the General and his companion to join us, which they did, and unless appearances were very deceptive, it was evident neither of them had tasted chicken or had a cup of genuine coffee for some time. The supper over, General Grant settled himself back on the bench, and in the darkness I could not tell whether he was asleep or not, but I do know that he never spoke or gave any sign of life during the three hours the little steamer was employed in going down the rapid river, alternately poking her nose into the bank on one side or the other, and bumping her hull against rocks on the bottom of the shallow stream. Long before daylight we were at Stevenson, and there being no train, no hotel, no house of any sort open, and as the boat immediately started up-stream again, there was nothing for it but to gather about a bonfire on the wharf and while away the time as best we could. General Grant and his officer went off somewhere; I presume to the quarters of some army officer. Early in the morning the train was ready to start for Nashville, and there we met General Grant again.

The train was made up exclusively of empty freight-cars being sent back to Nashville for further supplies for the army, and as the day was very cold, our journey was by no means pleasant. The time occupied in the journey was, too, greatly lengthened by our train going on sidings every few miles to let the numerous trains carrying supplies to the army at Chattanooga pass, for these, by the order of General Grant, were in every case given the right of way. It was long after night-fall when we reached Nashville, and there parting with General Grant, I did not see him again until the opening of the campaign in Virginia in the spring of 1864, or rather a few days before that event.

In March, 1864, I went to Washington, and immediately secured an engagement to go with the Army of the Potomac, provided a pass could in any way be got to go down to the army, which seemed highly improbable, as Secretary Stanton had some days before announced his determination not to issue any more. Hearing, late at night, that General Grant was in the city, at Willard's, I determined to get one from him if I could. From my knowledge of the man, I had reason to believe, after having been informed at the office of the hotel that he had retired, that he would start for the front at an early hour, and therefore, going over to the newspaper office, which commanded a view of the Willard entrance, I determined to keep watch for him. But toward morning nature asserted itself, and I fell asleep. Awakening with a start, I rushed over to Willard's, but although it was barely daylight, he was already gone. One of those decrepit hacks known in all American cities as night-hawks being before the door, I jumped in, and the promise of extra fare induced the negro driver to urge those horses to better speed than any one would have thought in them. When I got to Maryland Avenue, the car attached to a locomotive was still standing on the track in the street. Entering the car without ceremony, I approached General Grant, who was entirely alone, and handing him the Vicksburg pass, asked him if he would be kind enough to indorse it so I could go to the Army of the Potomac. The name recalled to him the fact that he had known my mother before I did. This fact was admitted, but I ventured to remind him that the train was liable to start at any moment. With that he began to fumble in his pockets for a pencil. I helped him out by handing him mine, when he wrote at the bottom: "Good to pass to the Army of the Potomac. U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General." Just then the whistle blew, and the train was in motion when I jumped from it. The next morning I went to the front, and two days subsequently, at daylight, the Army of the Potomac left its winter cantonments around Culpepper Court-House. The next morning the terrible battle of the Wilderness began. Never, perhaps, was a great army swung into line of battle from marching columns with such marvellous celerity. At nine o'clock in the morning it was marching along the roads; at ten it had swung from the roads over a spur of hills, and had disappeared into the woods in line of battle. It is not my purpose to picture the battle of the Wilderness, for it has been done many times, and well done. I only pause to note that General Grant in that great battle in one respect made a new departure. For the first time he made an attempt to appear in full uniform, always minus the epaulets, for I do not believe any one ever saw a pair of those ridiculous appendages upon his shoulders. But his attempt was not entirely successful, for the day being warm, he had left his coat unbuttoned, and had his sword buckled on underneath it.

Everybody knows by heart the story of that terrible campaign of 1864 in Virginia; how Grant clung steadily to his purpose. It was at Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, he gave his country a companion utterance to his famous message to the Confederate commander, "I propose to move upon your works immediately." From Spottsylvania he dispatched to President Lincoln: "I intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." The man in all his self-reliance and dogged tenacity was to be seen in both these terse sayings.

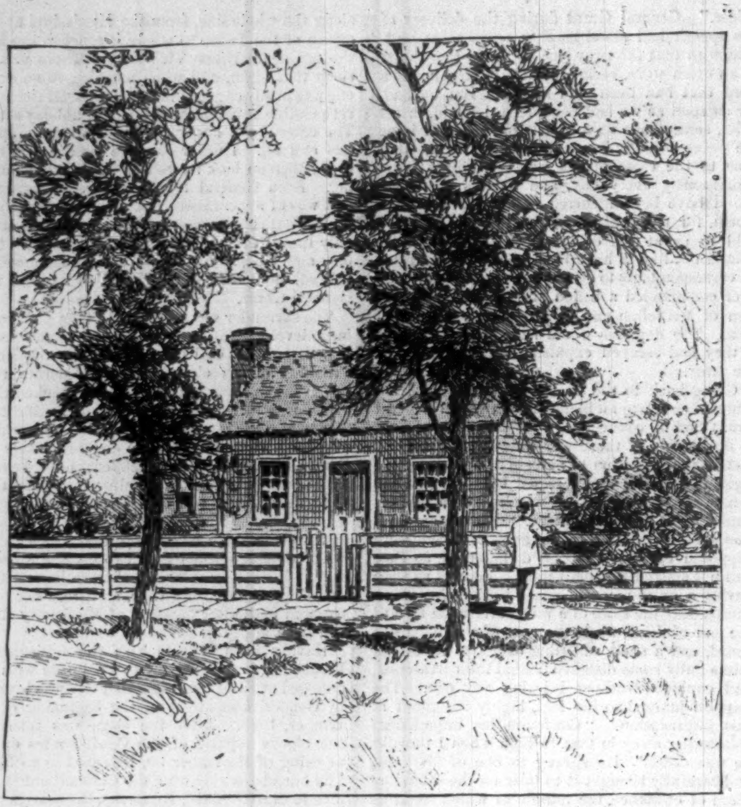
It was not my fortune to see much of General Grant during all of that fighting summer, as during the most of it I was with General Sheridan and his predecessors in the Shenandoah Valley. My last distinct recollection of him was a day or two before the battle of Five Forks, in the latter part of March, 1865, when the Confederacy was tottering to its fall. Hearing rumors that General Sheridan was making a movement of some kind on the extreme left beyond Hatcher's Run, I started out to learn what was going on, despite the fact that it was raining heavily. I had got a little beyond Hatcher's Run, and beyond what had until then been the extreme left of our line, when I met General Grant in what was a cow-path rather than a road through the pine forest. He was attended only by a single orderly, and as we approached each other from opposite directions he reined up his horse, and seeing this, I did the same. But all he wanted was a match, and having lit his half-consumed cigar, he asked me where I was going. I replied to see what was being done on the extreme left. Then he gave me more information concerning army movements than he had ever done before, for be said: "Nothing in such weather as this; but you had better keep your eyes and ears open for the next few days. I rather think something will happen." He rode on, and I never saw him again in the field.

Something did happen. On the 2d of April the Confederacy fell in a mass of shapeless ruins before my eyes. But I did not see Grant that day, nor ever afterward in war. Hence my story has reached its end.

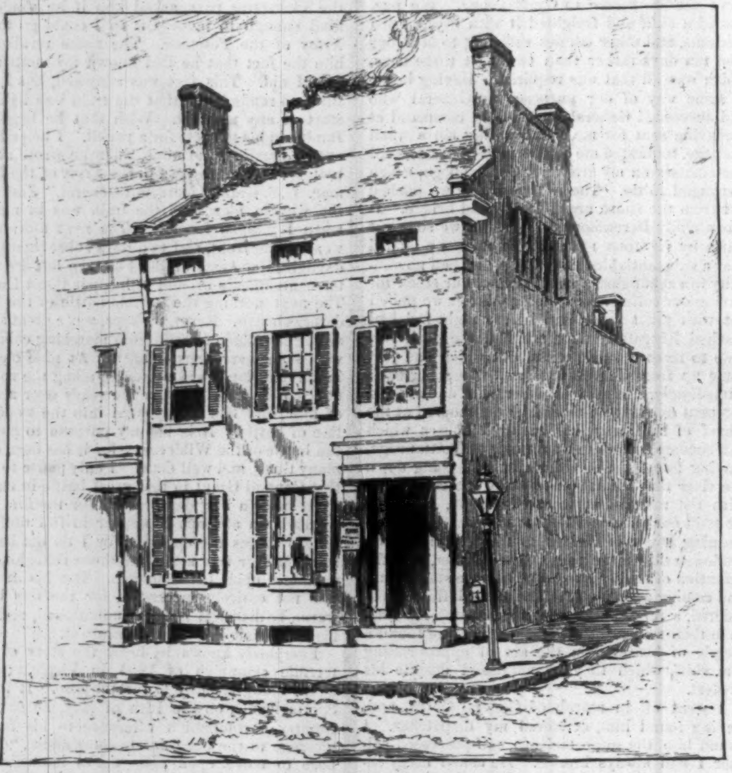
E. C.

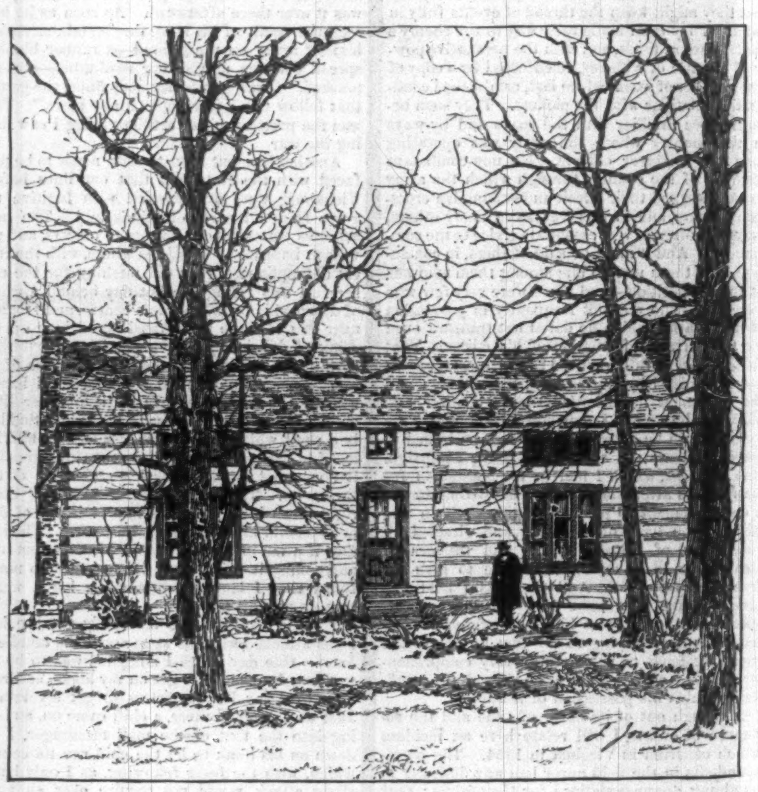
THE GRANT HOUSES.

When General Grant's father removed from Ravenna, Ohio, to Point Pleasant, about twenty-five miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, he took possession of a very humble abode a short distance from the river-bank. It was built of logs, one story high, with a big chimney at one end on the outside. It fronted the river, and had little land about it, as its occupant still pursued his business as a tanner of leather. There was a low extension in the rear, and the whole establishment was one of the humblest in a neighborhood of humble houses. It was in this rude abode that the eldest child of the family, who was to win fame the world over, first saw the light in 1822. It remains standing, having been occupied from time to time by the lowliest of tenants, and is in much the same condition as sixty-three years ago. Our illustration of the birth-place shows the front of this house as it has appeared in recent years, since it became an object of universal interest. It was in early childhood that Ulysses left Point Pleasant. All the recollections of his boyhood were associated with Georgetown, the shire-town of Brown County, Ohio, a pleasant village, some forty miles from Cincinnati, and six or seven miles back from the Ohio River. Here General Grant's father had a tannery, and here the children of the family became accustomed to a life which, though simple and primitive enough, was less rustic than that of Point Pleasant. It was from Georgetown that Ulysses went to West Point, and in Georgetown that his furloughs were spent during his service as a cadet.


GENERAL GRANT'S BIRTH-PLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

On his return from his service in the Mexican war, in 1848, Grant's marriage with Miss Dent took place at her father's house in St. Louis. This was the substantial residence of a well-to-do family of the time, on the corner of Fourth and Carr streets. It was of brick, two stories and a half high, and fitted up with a degree of elegance not at all common in those days. It is still standing, but owing to the changes of time and its degenerate surroundings it has fallen to the rank of a cheap boarding-house. Its old mahogany fittings, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, still remain to remind one of the comparative splendor of its condition when the young army officer found there the bride who was to share the vicissitudes of his remarkable career.

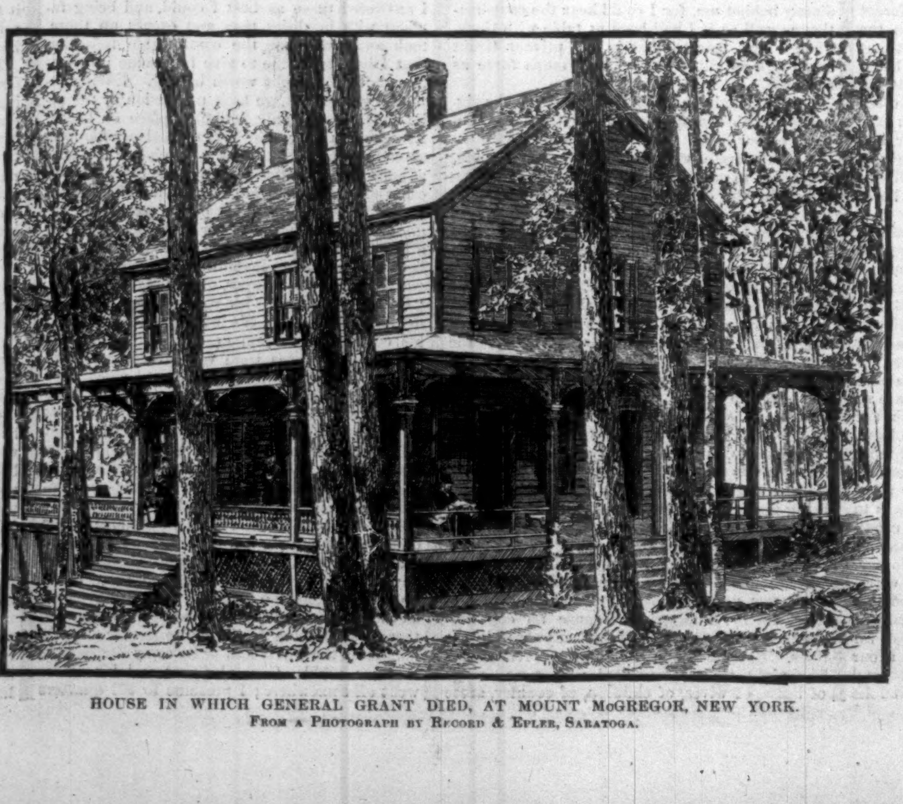

HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT WAS MARRIED.


HOUSE BUILT BY GENERAL GRANT NEAR ST. LOUIS.

It was not until after his resignation from the army, and his return from the Pacific coast in 1854, that Grant settled down in a house of his own. He lived then for a time with his father-in-law in St. Louis, but in order to establish him in life Colonel Dent gave him a piece of land, sixty acres in extent, about eleven miles from the city, on which he set out to build a house. He marked out a plan for himself, dug the cellar with his own hands, and undertook to do both carpentry and mason-work. He laid the foundation of stone, and hewed the logs that were to form the walls of his dwelling. He also split the shingles with which the roof was covered. When the materials had been prepared, the neighbors were called in to help in the "raising." The corner to the right of the doorway, where originally there was an open space, since boarded over, is pointed out as that on which Grant worked with his own hands, adjusting and spiking together the logs. The dwelling was small and cheaply constructed, and contained only four rooms. Inexpensive as was the undertaking, the owner was delayed in finishing the house by a lack of the necessary funds. The father-in-law had to advance the money before floors could be laid and windows put in, as those could not be made by hand of the rough materials on the place. The walls of the rooms were never plastered, and the ceilings displayed the bare rafters. This rude building still stands, an object of strange interest to visitors. It has, of course, been reshingled, but the rough-hewn walls are still to be seen, the unskillful carpentry and irregular mason-work of the original builder are open to the observation of the critical in such matters. An attempt was made to fasten the name of "Wishton Wish" on this place, but Grant, in his plain way, was wont to call it "Hardscrabble," and by that name it generally went. It stands a mile or more off the main highway known as Gravois Road, and is reached by one of the roughest of country ways. At Hardscrabble General Grant's children were born, and life there was one of toil and poverty, for the farm was poor, and the farmer was out of his element. After giving up the struggle there, and trying in vain to make a living in the real estate and collection business in St. Louis, where he lived in a bit of a house on Boston Street, which he obtained in exchange for his farm, Grant betook himself to his brother's tannery at Galena.

After the war closed, with Grant as its victorious soldier, he might have had his choice of a dozen homes. In fact, however, he established himself after the war in a house in Washington, from which he was called to the Executive Mansion. During his Presidential terms he spent his summer holidays in his own cottage at Long Branch. Since his return from abroad his residence has been mainly at his house in New York city, No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, from which he was removed only when his death was imminent.

The eyes which first opened in the humble cabin at Point Pleasant, looking across the Ohio River to the Kentucky shore, on the 27th of April, 1822, closed on the breezy height of Mount McGregor at eight minutes past eight o'clock on the morning of July 23, 1885, in the summer residence of a New York millionaire, with the whole country waiting with anxious solicitude for the news of the last moment.


HOUSE IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT DIED, AT MOUNT McGREGOR, NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Record & Epler, Saratoga.

The house in which General Grant died is the pleasant cottage of Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, which its owner gladly gave up to the use of the illustrious sufferer and his family when his physicians decided that he could seek relief in mountain air on the approach of hot weather in the city. It stands on the top of Mount McGregor, about twelve miles to the north of Saratoga Springs. It was built exclusively for summer enjoyment, and is surrounded by broad piazzas and situated in the midst of trees. The General was taken there on the 16th of June, with many misgivings and some hopes as to the result of the pilgrimage. He reached the home of his last days without serious fatigue, though the last twelve miles was up a steep incline over a not very smooth railway. The scene there has become familiar — the patient's early efforts at walking near the cottage, his resort to a wheeled chair, his long sittings on the piazza muffled in his wrappings, the unremitting attentions of his physician, his faithful attendants, and the members of his family, the struggle to complete the literary work on which his heart was set, and the heroic but failing contest with the invincible enemy of man. These things will make the summer cottage of Mr. Drexel on the top of Mount McGregor a place of lasting historic interest.

The Nurse Henry.
Colonel Fred Grant.
U. S. Grant, Jun.
Mrs. Grant.
Mrs. Sartoris (Nellie Grant).
Dr. Douglas.
Jesse R. Grant.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.